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# GRADUATE



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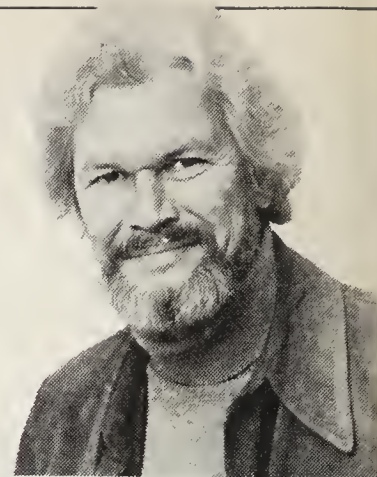
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# HOW TO READ NEWSPAPERS



In 1977-78 I spent a year on campus as a Southam Fellow, which is one of the more agreeable things that can happen to a journalist. It is a sabbatical with few strings attached. You can study anything you want, at any level, without fear of examinations and certainly no chance of boredom. You're not supposed to do anything practical and most of us tended to take political science, some literature and history with perhaps some third year economics thrown in to keep us humble. After that it's up to the individual. One former Southam Fellow told me he was studying Celtic Mythology primarily because he had fallen in love with the professor or, more specifically, with her brogue. Another said he was studying various academic disciplines but that he really wanted to learn to kill and had therefore joined a pistol shooting club in Hart House.

As for me, I found happiness in Utopian Aspects of English Literature and also managed to study Machiavelli under three separate lecturers. I learned something about the fur trade and I studied *Gulliver's Travels* as political science and as political philosophy as well as one of the Utopian Aspects mentioned.

What I did not study was a course entitled How to Read Newspapers, because it had been cancelled. That was unfortunate because I had spent 16 years writing for newspapers and would have appreciated learning something about the other end of the business. I have never been fond of reading newspapers, to be honest, and it wasn't necessary. It was possible to get most of the news of the day in the cafeteria.

Now, secluded as I am in the groves of academe, I do have to read newspapers, to which I respond with mystification and alarm. From time to time I have attempted to transmit some of my alarm to readers of *The Graduate* by writing of such things as Ottawa's imminent plans to sabotage the nation's universities and other items of passing interest.

Currently I wish to express indignation and approval anent the demise of grade 13. And I have a few words about the ideological battle raging at Queen's Park as our elected and appointed officials study two separate and apparently contradictory reports on the future role of high schools in this province. I refer to the Secondary Education Review Project, which calls for an end to grade 13. Further, it would end the permissive era and require that all students take at least a minimum number of traditional courses.

Excellent.

But barely two weeks later, in the same newspaper and by the same author, a report indicates that the Ministry of Education is proposing to embark on massive curriculum changes relevant to survival in this dangerous technological age of economic uncertainty. I refer now to life-skills and the ministry's proposal to raise the status of the program "from a peripheral subject to one of the most important

required for a secondary school graduation diploma" thus making certain that anyone with a high school diploma will know how to hang wallpaper, change an electrical plug or do other household chores. The life-skills "will be introduced on trial next September in 29 Ontario schools." We can only hope the trial will be brief, a conviction will result, and the perpetrators suitably dealt with.

Concomitant with the demise of grade 13 will likely be the institution of admission tests for all applicants to arts and science. There's a reassuring symmetry there. According to *The Varsity*, in its December 2 edition, "Student leaders . . . are highly critical of a proposal for entrance exams" but that's all right. Student leaders are always highly critical. That's how they get to be student leaders.

What is important is that one understands how to read newspapers, and since it is not included in the life-skills program, perhaps a few words will not be amiss.

The one concept truly shared and understood — cherished might be a better word — by journalists and politicians alike is the explosive innocence of the subjunctive mood. Without it politics would indeed be dull, and newspapers would be reduced to printing news and not be able to fill their columns with potential news.

The subjunctive mood pertains to the use of finite verbs, i.e. verbs which actually mean something, to express, according to my Funk and Wagnalls, "a future contingency, a supposition implying the contrary, a mere supposition with indefinite time, or a wish, or a desire". It is recognizable by the insertion of "conjunctions of condition, doubt, contingency, possibility, etc."

Thus when deadlines approach and there isn't much happening, you can make the most terrifying forecasts in all honesty if you simply remember to insert one of these conjunctions of condition, doubt or contingency. The favourite is the word "if", although "unless" runs a close second. Others are more subtle and therefore seldom employed. They include "lest", "till", and "whether" and improperly used they may backfire and people will believe that you are actually saying what you are only implying.

One could call it "neo-journalism" but there's nothing very neo about it. I prefer "subjunctive journalism" and I despise it. You can substitute your own scenario. For example, "Universities are doomed and even high schools will be shut down within a decade if something isn't done about the dreadful state of the kindergarten curriculum . . ."

You didn't read it here, you see. You just *thought* you did.

Editor



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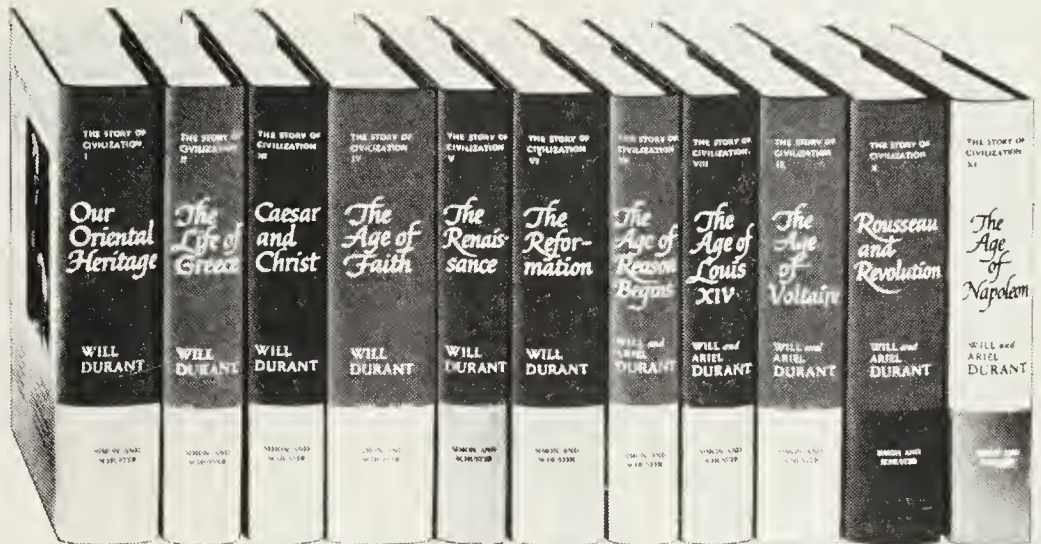
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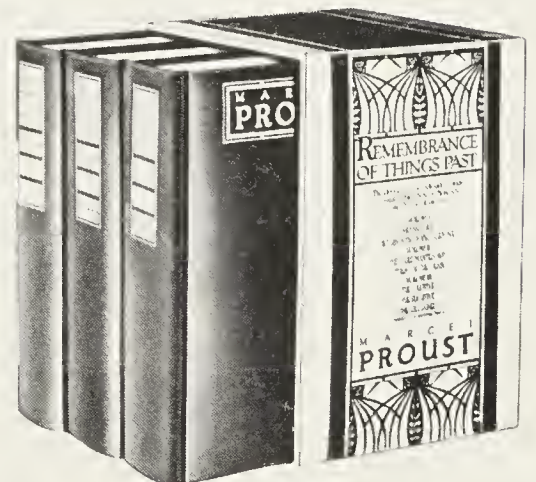
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# PLAYING FOR REAL

BY PAMELA CORNELL

## EVEN AUDITIONS ARE TOUGH IN THE ORCHESTRAL TRAINING PROGRAM. THAT'S THE WHOLE POINT

**I**rrresistibly the clear flute sound draws the listener. The player — a young woman whose dark, vaguely eccentric garb is graced with a white gardenia — gives her entire body over to each musical phrase. Behind her is an orchestra of 37 black-clad young men and women; and before her in the audience is the composer, John Weinzwieg. He appears to approve of the interpretation given his work.

These young musicians are not exactly fully professional performers, nor are they strictly students. They're Manpower trainees in an innovative program designed to help them compete successfully for Canadian orchestral positions.

Fifteen years ago, Canada had seven major orchestras. Now there are 16. That should have meant an additional 500 to 600 jobs for Canadian instrumentalists but it didn't. Too often they were beaten at the auditions by Americans.

Some say the reason is training; others say it's just sheer numbers. With more American applicants overall, there were bound to be more *talented* American applicants. And once audition committees have become heavily weighted with American players, say some indignant nationalists, an ongoing American bias is almost assured.

Hardliners campaigned for a strict "Canadians only" hiring policy. In response, Employment and Immigration Canada (incorporating Canada Manpower) agreed to take a much closer look at requests for work permits.

However, if an American was clearly shown to be superior to Canadian applicants, the bureaucrats were unlikely to intervene. The solution seemed to lie in enhanced training.

Enter Ezra Schabas, the man who helped launch the National Youth Orchestra in the early '60s, about the same time he was designing the performance program at U of T's Faculty of Music. He proposed an apprenticeship scheme under which Faculty of Music students would be assigned to professional orchestras and paid a small stipend by Manpower. Despite union endorsement and assurances that no apprentice would replace a needed player, there was opposition from members of some orchestras. So after three years of negotiations through the Association of Canadian Orchestras, the scheme was dropped.

Then Schabas heard about the provincially sponsored Orchestre des Jeunes in Quebec. By now it was 1978 and he was just leaving the faculty to become principal of the Royal Conservatory of Music. Since Manpower had already been prepared to fund the apprenticeship scheme, he approached them again — with a proposal for a training orchestra to be based at the Conservatory.

There followed another year of negotiations — this time with Manpower and the Ontario Ministry of Colleges and

Universities — before Schabas was finally given the go-ahead in the fall of 1979. Immediately he set up nationwide auditions to find 38 players and appointed an advisory committee to help assemble, by January, the best possible conductors and instrumental instructors.

Philip Morehead, then conductor of Hamilton's Bach-Elgar Choir and now assistant conductor with the Chicago Lyric Opera, has co-ordinated the Orchestral Training Program (OTP) from its inception.

"An essential ingredient of the project has been the co-operation and involvement of the Toronto Symphony and its conductor Andrew Davis," says Morehead. "While the symphony isn't a sponsor of the OTP, it has been supportive from the start and many of its principal players serve as coaches and give master classes."

Davis was among the first season's roster of 11 conductors which also included Mario Bernardi from the National Arts Centre, Iona Brown of the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields and New York based violinist Oscar Shumsky.

While working with such notables is an enviable opportunity for a young musician, the privilege is hard-earned. The schedule is nothing if not intensive. Almost weekly, there's a different and demanding conductor leading the orchestra through rehearsals for a concert of works the group has never before performed together. Wedged between rehearsals are private lessons and practice, sectional coaching sessions with Toronto Symphony players, master classes with world-renowned soloists and first-desk players from the best North American orchestras and — far less exciting but no less essential — ear training classes. Towards the end of the season, mock auditions are added to an already hectic timetable.

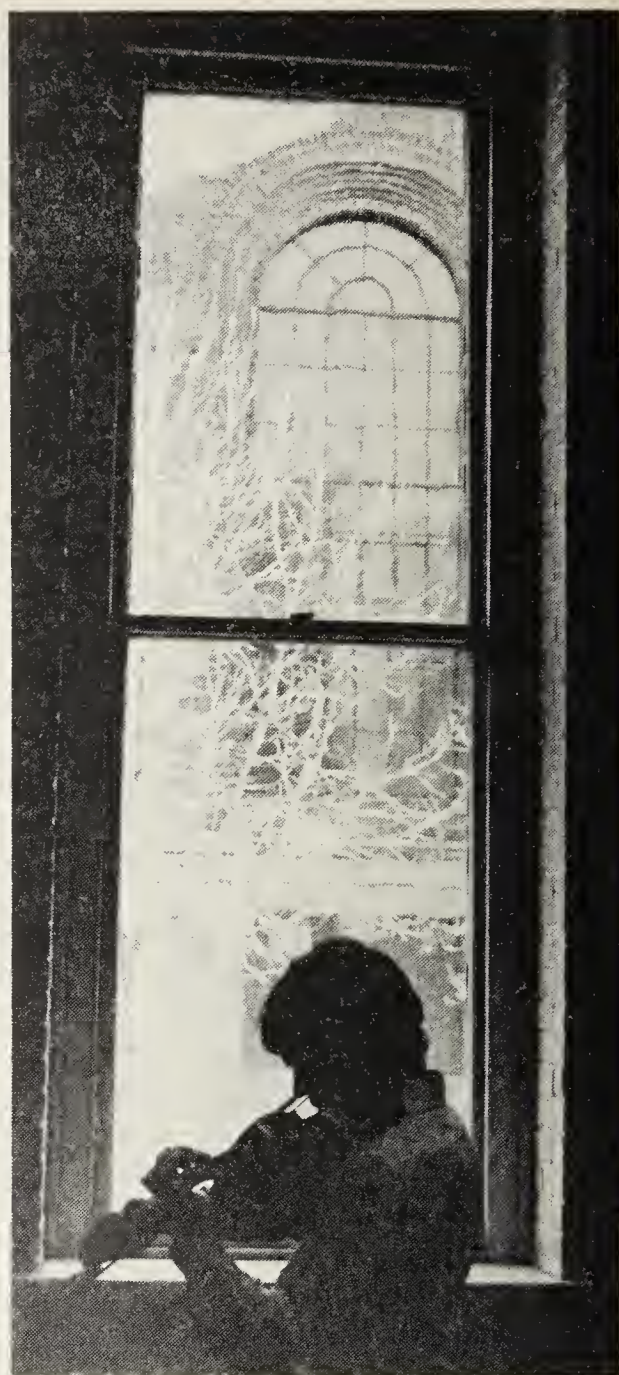
That high-pressure pace is vital preparation for the intensely competitive world of professional music-making, says composer Michael Colgrass, who moved to Canada from New York City six years ago.

A former member of the National Youth Orchestra's board of directors, he resigned after failing to convince fellow board members that the NYO should learn more repertoire instead of repeating a limited number of programs. He now serves on the OTP advisory committee.

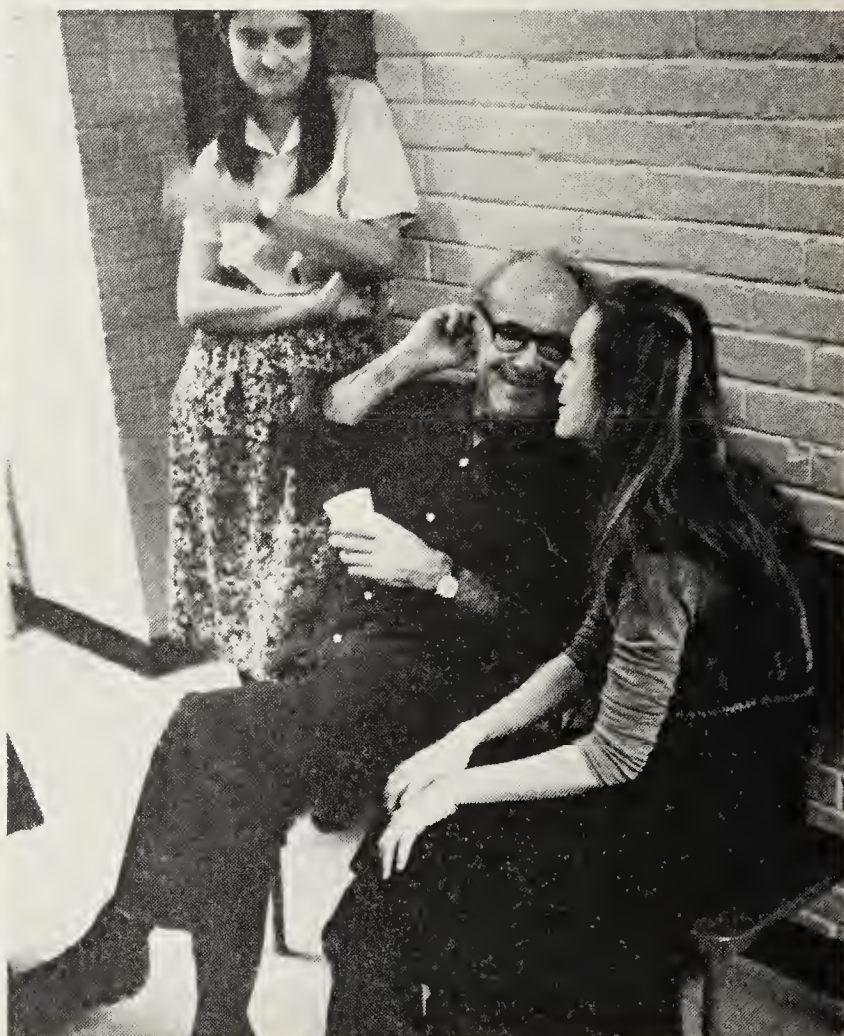
"There's no genetic difference between Canadians and Americans," says Colgrass. "The young musicians up here are wonderful."

"But it's immoral to tell trusting students they have a great future without also seeing that they get the kind of rigorous training they need to build their confidence and bridge the gap from talented amateur to skilled professional. Otherwise it's going to be a stunning blow when they go into





GUEST  
CONDUCTOR  
ALEXANDER  
SCHNEIDER  
AND THE  
OTP,  
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1981





an audition and see what they're up against. The trust they had in their mentors will soon turn to contempt. Being the fastest gun in the west means nothing until it's proven in a duel. Only when young musicians have proven they can function under pressure can anyone depend on them."

Working summers as a teenager in state-funded orchestras at places like Tanglewood, Aspen, Interlachen and the Berkshires, Colgrass was often required to learn two complete programs a week. By age 21, he had played in public all the Beethoven symphonies, almost everything by Tchaikovsky, Brahms, Ravel, Debussy, Bartok and many others, in addition to lots of opera and pops.

"We were really put through the wringer. I remember once being scared and confessing to a teacher that I didn't think I could make it. 'Why not?' he asked. 'What prevents you?' So I forged on and, much to my own amazement, actually managed to keep up. I felt terrific!

"Teachers have to show they believe in their students by making demands on them. Then gradually those students develop faith in themselves."

A born-again Christian testifying at a prayer meeting couldn't sound more fervent than cellist Lindsay Burrell when she describes what OTP did for her self-confidence.

The West Vancouver native had played in school orchestras and at the Courtney Summer Youth Camp (now Centre) before coming to U of T's Faculty of Music and spending her summers as principal cellist in the NYO. Though she enjoyed music history and theory classes at U of T, she felt invisible at performance time.

"There were certain people who habitually got all the attention. Nobody seemed to want what I had to offer. I was about ready to give up the cello." Instead she switched in third year into the Conservatory's fledgling orchestral training program. That first year, OTP began in January and ran 19 weeks. Now it starts in October and runs 26 weeks.

"It was as if a giant hand had picked me up and transported me to another world. Suddenly I was getting all kinds of great feedback from people like Mario Bernardi and Iona Brown," says Burrell, who now plays in the Victoria Symphony and sits on the NYO board of directors.

"It happens that I'm better as an orchestral player than as a soloist. I'm a good section leader who can play in tune and on time. In OTP, everyone was given a chance to do what they did best and the energy was incredible."

Translated into music, that energy has attracted capacity audiences and prompted *Globe and Mail* music critic John Kraglund to praise the orchestra's "clarity, ensemble precision and tonal richness".

Creative energy is the one characteristic Philip Morehead values most about the orchestra.

"There's a cynicism that tends to develop rapidly in young musicians. I'm not sure why. All I do know is that it's unfortunate it happens so soon. But the musicians in OTP haven't lost their love for what they're doing. They're still full of enthusiasm and dedication."

Violinist Janet Allen is a prime example. On her \$70-a-week living allowance from Manpower, the 26-year-old Halifax native lives frugally. Her monthly rent is \$135 and a transit pass is \$30, leaving about \$65 for everything else.

To economize on food, breakfast is two tablespoons of granola and lunch half a sandwich and some apple juice. Dinner is typically homemade soup or spaghetti. If she's lucky, she'll get a \$15 ushering job at a Toronto Symphony concert that will pay for the week's groceries.

Money might be scarce but Allen is delighted with the richness of her life in Toronto. Compared to Halifax, the number and variety of musical events is staggering. Best of all, though, is the OTP experience — free lessons from the teacher of her choice, the chance to work with high-powered conductors and, at the top of her list, master classes, taught by such well-known soloists as flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal, oboist Heinz Holliger and violinist Steven Staryk.

While awaiting this year's special session for violin with Iona Brown, Allen has been attending the master classes for cello, bass, even clarinet. "I love to hear the students play. They're always so well prepared. And I love to hear what's said. So many musical questions go beyond the technicalities of a particular instrument."

Allen says it will take years to digest fully everything she's learning in OTP. To guard against forgetting too much, she keeps a journal of suggestions conductors have made.

Comparing conductors is an inevitable part of the students' conversations, though their comments to an outsider are rarely judgemental. Oboist David Sussman, a member of OTP in its second year and now with the Calgary Philharmonic, is a particularly keen conductor-watcher.

"Each has a unique style and they all have different ideas about what they want in terms of balance, tone, tempo, and so on. Probably the best contrast is between the approaches Alexander Schneider and Victor Yampolsky took to Mozart. Schneider went for something spirited and lively but with a lot of rough edges. Yampolsky's was more refined and sedate. Both seemed to work out fine."

Lindsay Burrell's favourite contrast is between Andrew Davis and Oscar Shumsky.

"Davis wasn't interested in educating us about the composers we were playing. He was there to Scotch tape a program together and get it on stage. 'Now here,' he'd say, 'I want you to do this and there, I want you to do that.' He talked us through the program like an air traffic controller.

"Shumsky was less interested in the particular program than he was in teaching us principles. He tried to get us to play better by giving us information; for example, about dynamics — how to take all our cues from soloists, coming up under them and taking the crescendos from them.

"The two men were diametrically opposed but working with both was valuable. On the other hand, there was another one we all hated — just an absolute creep. He found 50 different ways to insult our playing. It got our hackles up but there was nothing much we could do about it.

"If you do a bad job, you only end up getting a rotten write-up. You have to be mature and do your best even for someone you despise. At least he wasn't incompetent."

Be they lovable or loathesome, getting to know so many conductors is a definite advantage for the musicians at job-hunting time. So are the mock auditions, each of which is videotaped then subjected to a collective critique.

Sussman used the opportunity to prepare specific material for a "real life" audition he was going to out west. The dry run armed him with insights and helped reduce his nervousness when zero hour finally arrived.

Preparing repertoire for a symphony audition can be a problem for players who've been performing in a chamber ensemble like the training orchestra. It's pretty well limited to a classical (as opposed to a romantic, modern or operatic) repertoire — primarily Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart and Vivaldi. To perform such symphonic works as Mahler's Eighth Symphony or Stravinsky's Rite of Spring, the





ABOVE AND PAGE 6, BENEFIT CONCERT WITH ANDREW DAVIS AT THE ROYAL YORK HOTEL, FEBRUARY 1981.

training orchestra would have to double in size.

Opinion is divided on whether or not the orchestra's size should be altered. Schabas would like to see it enlarged to do post-Beethoven repertoire but Morehead says expansion is financially unrealistic at this stage. Meanwhile, the players do orchestral readings for exposure to the major works of composers like Tchaikowsky, Brahms and Richard Strauss.

Conductor Mario Bernardi says he would hate to see the orchestra enlarged. "As a training vehicle, it's just perfect. The classical repertoire provides the best basis for good orchestral technique."

Nicholas Kilburn, co-principal bassoonist with the Toronto Symphony and a member of the OTP advisory committee, shares Bernardi's view. "Symphonic size would offer greater scope but a chamber orchestra makes it easier to concentrate on niceties of rhythm, balance and intonation."

Enlarging the orchestra would necessitate finding new accommodation because the players are already squeezed, both in the Conservatory's basement rehearsal room and on its concert hall stage. Regardless of orchestral size, Bernardi thinks the ensemble should try to play in different halls for the experience of adapting to various acoustical situations.

The unlikely, but perhaps the most important, "hall" they've played is the foyer of the government building that houses the Canada Manpower and Immigration Commission, up at Yonge and St. Clair. That, after all, is where the money has been coming from.

"This has been our first large-scale involvement with the arts-and-culture side of employment," says Rick Williams,

Manpower's institutional training consultant for Metropolitan Toronto. "Our other training programs are in areas like food preparation, retail meat cutting, machine shop welding, commercial diving and computer programming."

Compared to those programs, he says, OTP is very expensive, largely because of the high standard of instruction the Conservatory insists is essential. The first year, the commission provided a grant of \$150,000. In the second year, players' living allowances were added. This year the basic grant was increased to \$180,000. Continued financial support will depend on the commission's budget, along with the nature and number of other funding requests. Understandably, the key criterion will be the success graduates have in finding jobs. So far, it's too soon to assess the situation. The first year couldn't be considered representative and the process of tracing last year's participants is still under way.

"One thing is certain," says Williams. "These musicians are the most dedicated of all our trainees. The drop-out rate in other areas runs 25 to 30 per cent but I don't think OTP has lost more than one or two since the beginning. We're really impressed with the way they sound, too."

The average age of an OTP member is 24, though one was 18 and the eldest is 40. Almost all have had some post-secondary education in music, if they don't actually hold a degree or diploma from a music faculty or conservatory.

The 38 players are selected from about 150 who audition. The largest number of applicants play flute or clarinet. Hardest to fill are the 16 violin places. Morehead wishes Manpower would permit some of the players — particularly in the string section — to extend their training to a second year. But to date, that idea has been vetoed.

Even without a second year, one string instructor and advisory committee member has managed a perfect placement rate. Toronto Symphony principal bass player Thomas Monohan says that all four of his bass students from the training orchestra have found jobs.

"I admire the way Ezra has managed to get the OTP going," says Monohan, "but it's little more than a bandaid solution. What's needed is a national music school, beginning no later than the secondary level. That's the only way the quality of orchestral playing is ever going to be pulled up."

Harold Clarkson, principal cello in the Hamilton Philharmonic and president of the Organization of Canadian Symphony Musicians, agrees. "It's a very good program and it's important that it continue but I feel very strongly that we need a national music school where a select group of young people could be trained to become the country's musical elite." Both Clarkson and Kilburn see the NYO as a potential nucleus for such a school.

Meanwhile, the percentage of Canadian musicians being hired by Canadian orchestras has risen from about 25 per cent 10 years ago to 75 per cent over the past three years. But in any given year, the number of orchestral vacancies is limited. Across the entire country, there were only 138 in 1979-80 and 140 in 1980-81, reports Daria Powell of the Association of Canadian Orchestras.

For the talented few who find their way into the nation's professional orchestras, the monetary rewards are abysmal. Salaries range downward from \$25,000 to \$7,000, says Powell. Hardly a great return on all those years of expensive lessons and arduous practice.

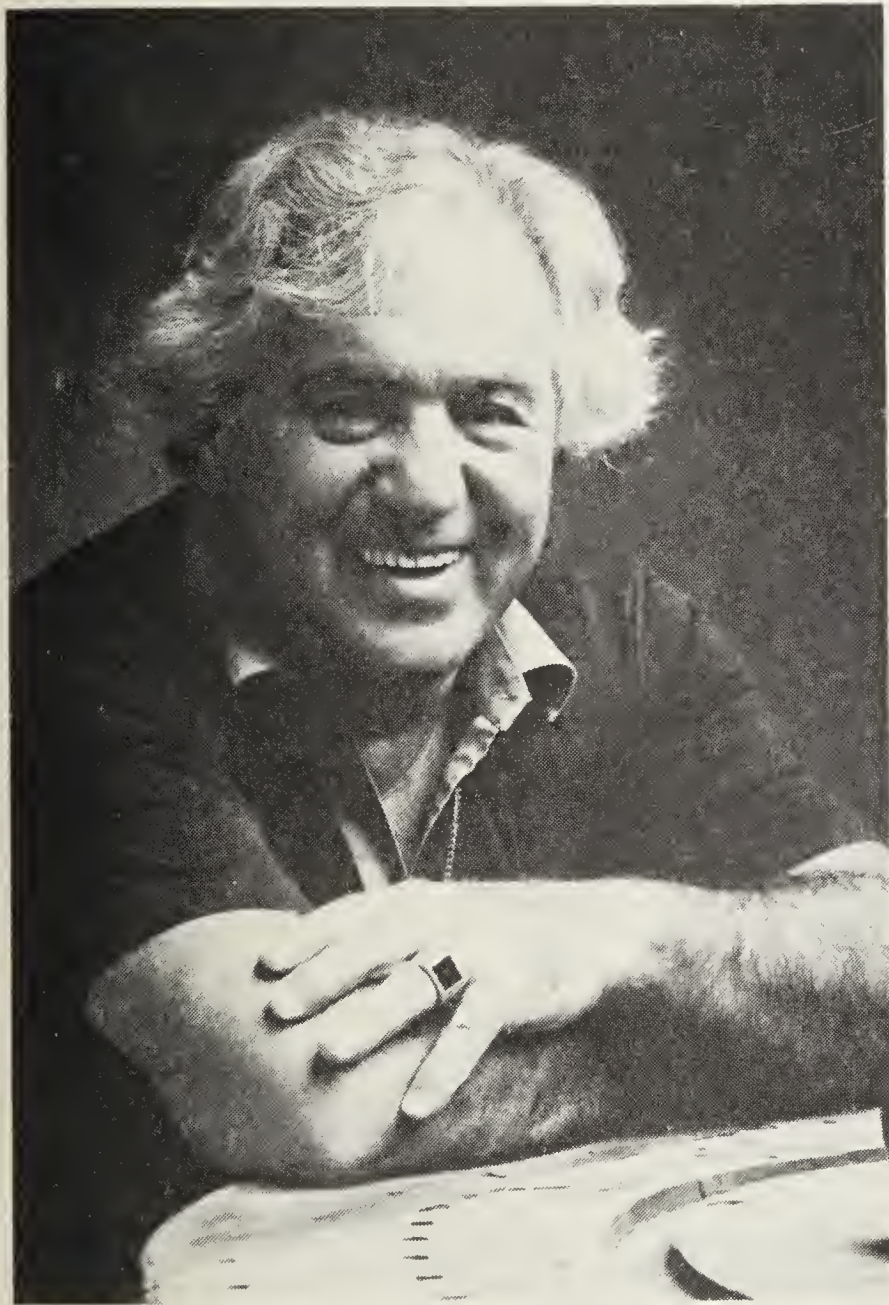
Philip Morehead recalls the advice his favourite music teacher once gave him: "If you can *stand* to do anything besides music, do it!" ■



# IRVING LAYTON

BY JUDITH KNELMAN

"DROWN YOURSELF IN THE SOUNDS OF YOUR TIME"  
COUNSELS OUR POET-IN-RESIDENCE



RUDI CHRISTL

Conversation in Irving Layton's office in New College ceases abruptly as a student stands purposefully in the doorway. "I'd like you to have a look at these," he says with the nonchalance of someone dropping off a few shirts with missing buttons at the laundry. They consult on a pick-up date. It's all very business-like except for an uncomfortable few seconds when the student and the writer-in-residence both search madly for a tissue as the student's nose starts to drip onto the sheaf of poems he's about to surrender. No luck. A quick sweep of the arm and the poems are saved. Through it all, the 69-year-old Nobel prize nominee maintains a serious, respectful demeanour. He's too much a realist to

forget that he was himself once an angry and impecunious young man who fancied himself a poet.

Layton looks over the poems, flipping quickly past the first. He pauses at the second:

Dark, clear lake flies past  
Singing with the same old loons —  
just another howling ghost  
in the remembering  
darkness of winter.

Just another prose sentence broken up to look like a poem? No, he might be able to do something with this one, he says. His method of instruction is to demonstrate his proficiency to the student by making an amateur effort professional. "If I can take the poem and improve it that's more convincing than hours of lecturing. It's a matter of showing the difference between the two and in that way I get their confidence," he says. "If they're serious about being poets they'll take what I have to say seriously. After all, anyone who's been writing poetry for 50 years and has 45 books to his credit obviously knows something about the craft. I'd give him the benefit of the doubt anyway," he adds with a laugh.

His quick wit and quick motion make the stocky, white-haired Layton seem young and vital despite the props of old age: reading glasses, a hearing aid and a well-used pipe. Swiftly he brings the poem to life by shifting the first and second lines, shortening the last line by lengthening the previous one, and deleting two extraneous words. The poem now reads:

Singing with the same old loons,  
The dark clear lake flies past:  
a howling ghost  
in the remembering darkness  
of winter.

What he has done is begin with an action word to give the poem vitality. He's removed the limp "just" from the third line because with "past" and "ghost" it would make too many harsh sounds in a short space. Now the poem has rhythm: five beats in the first two lines, two strong ones in the next two and only one in the last. Suddenly there's a movement evident from the life and vibrancy of the opening lines to the sadness and desolation suggested in the last.

The student was pleased with the result. The revised poem, he said, suggested better than his own the significance of the scene described. And Layton had "put the part that really hits you" at the beginning. Now the student will take some of his other poems and work on them in the same way, then bring them back for consultation.

Layton says he knows he can inflict mortal wounds on students who bring in poems, but he makes a point of being absolutely honest because he feels the performance of any art is the most sacred thing that anybody can undertake. "I've developed a certain amount of tact over the years," he says. He knows from experience that the craft of poetry can be taught, that a student can learn how to express his emotions in evocative, colourful and precise language.

Not that there is any one way of writing a poem. "You can write in any form that you choose. The trick is to pull it off. But you're freer to articulate your experience if you're not





• J. D'AGOSTINO •



pouring your feelings into a mold made by somebody else." In a metaphor that seems particularly apt right after the departure of the student with the runny nose, he says that using old-fashioned poetic forms is like using somebody else's handkerchief.

However, he says, while he can teach someone how to write a poem, he can't make anyone a poet. That takes more than craftsmanship. The best poets write because the poem writes them — they really can't help themselves, he says. "It's a creative urge towards immortality and as blind a thrust as the sexual impulse."

But he can nurture and channel the creative urge, steering fledgling poets to the best modern poetry, schooling them in the politics and diction of their times, even explaining in basic grammatical terms what makes a poem good or bad. He shakes his white head at the thought of the task of explaining such theory to poets who have limp, limited vocabularies, few grammatical skills and no sense of what's gone before them.

There are certain basic rules for a poet that he learned himself, the hard way, through error and observation. Too many ands and buts slow the motion. Adjectival and adverbial clauses lead to prose rhythms. Copulative verbs — like is, was and are — are static. A run of prepositional phrases starting with such everyday words as with, to, of, in and for is boring and repetitious. Infinitives are too common a construction.

Layton can hardly believe it, but he's found that university students don't know these descriptive terms. Nor are they dismayed when he tells them they're missing the basic tool of any poet, grammar. They seem used to being told they have no awareness of grammar. But he does more than tell them: patiently he explains the terms and pours forth a flood of examples. "The vocabulary of grammar is as much a tool as rhythm or imagery or diction or the other things that go into a poem. You have to know the elementary things."

He tells would-be poets to avoid the words of ordinary prose, the simple words that they use hundreds of times a day without being aware of them. Such words as because, which and that imply a stream of logic. You don't reason with the reader of a poem, but hit him emotionally with rhythm and energy and suggestion. A poem that sounds like a legal document isn't going to have much impact.

He sends students to the library. To be a poet, you have to know how other people think and write. Alas for Canadians, that means reading Canadian poetry, much of which Layton finds irrelevant to the times in which the poets are living. "They haven't really caught up with Freud," he says in exasperation and bewilderment. "I sometimes feel they've never read Kafka or Dostoyevsky. They're adolescents, innocents." Their poetry is consequently decadent, languid, self-indulgent and out of touch with the real world. The silver lining in our clouded culture is that for student poets there isn't much of a jump from adolescent to professional poetry. Or, as Layton puts it in his breezy style, "It's an easy thing to go from the loon to the large lunacy."

Despite his reservations about Canadian literature, Layton urges students to read Earle Birney, John Newlove, Leonard Cohen, Alden Nowlan and even Margaret Atwood — who he says writes as if she has a broken jaw, wired up so that she can't form new sounds. Because he wants his students to learn openness to the world, "to avoid the broken jaw trap", he directs them to the three American

Roberts — Creeley, Bly and Duncan — and T.S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, W.H. Auden, Robert Frost, William Carlos Williams, and then to other British and European poets.

"Drown yourself in the sounds of your time," he will tell a writer who comes to him for advice. "Your job is to articulate the experience and sensibility of the age you're living in."

Layton thinks man will never be free as long as he has fears — but he can open his eyes to human nature and the way of the world. "By education you can make people aware that this is their problem and they're going to do some very, very despicable things in their lives through fear. Give man or woman the slightest opportunity to exhibit despotism and they will do it. This is not taught in the schools."

Layton himself doesn't like the sounds of his time. A passionate social critic as well as a master craftsman and a tolerant teacher, he has lost all patience with the shallowness and sham of modern society. His next collection, to be published by McClelland and Stewart in the spring, is called *The Gucci Bag*, a commentary on the undue emphasis we place on material possessions. Gratified but not surprised to learn of the recent arrival in Toronto of a Gucci boutique with a range of Gucci bags from \$95 to \$2,500, he comments: "It might as well be \$25,000,000."

Layton thinks our lust for the tangible has all but killed art, beauty and love. The dominant symbol in his new book is Jack the Ripper, who represents society killing off values it can't bear to endorse. As surely and as swiftly as Jack the Ripper, Layton slashes away at society in all its facets — culture, history, the church, his own country — exposing what he sees as basic hidden truths that the rest of us refuse to confront. To the consternation of the prosperous and proud society he deplores and mocks, his own poetry is filled to the brim with lively, sensuous descriptions of the simple joy of sex, which he says the church has done its best to repress. In the same way, he says professors and critics are necrophiliacs doing the "deadly work" of eliminating personality from poetry.

Some professors refer to him as the court jester. They don't think much of his poetry, and they think even less of his embarrassing readiness to spout his views at the drop of a reporter's pencil. His nomination for the Nobel prize by a group of Italians sent representatives of culture in Ottawa scurrying to convey Canada's belated support to Stockholm. Layton is not the sort of native son who warms the heart of the establishment; to tell the truth he doesn't think it *has* a heart. But he thrives on his old reputation as the literary world's *enfant terrible*, and one senses he might be uncomfortable if he were suddenly confirmed as the grand old man of Canadian culture.

Trophies are perhaps more acceptable than Gucci bags, but both are status symbols. Layton has only contempt for people who collect status symbols. He collects poets — dozens of ex-students who pop up now and then in his travels, or in the literary magazines he reads, or on the telephone. He says ironically that he's a soft touch, the ex-teacher always ready to read and criticize. "You have your students for the rest of your life — like children." But he beams when the office phone rings and a construction worker he met one summer at the Banff School of Fine Arts phones from Ottawa to tell him he's had two poems accepted for publication. "You see your ideas and feelings and visions embodied in what they're doing," he says softly as he puts down the phone. ■





*When Irving Layton read that Boris Pasternak, the Russian poet and novelist, as a fire-warden in Leningrad during World War II had secretly enjoyed witnessing large-scale destruction, he thought the ambivalent experience a universal one for poets, who are often inspired to artistry by the impending collapse of civilization. This poem is from Layton's forthcoming collection, The Gucci Bag. Pasternak was awarded the Nobel prize for literature in 1958 but refused it.*

## FIRE WARDEN

The bomb that makes the rubble  
leap into the air                  lifts him up, he says,  
'to the seventh heaven'.

The fires it starts in the streets  
are festivals. Houses reel on their foundations  
like joyful drunks  
and joining their reveller's hands  
throw themselves all together  
into the fiery bacchanalia.

All day he has waited patiently  
for the enemy planes  
to fly over the city  
and perform their holy work of destruction,  
scouring from people's souls  
the dictatorship's rust of malice and fear.

His poet's heart flutters with happiness.  
Burn, city, burn. Your blazing embers  
are seeds for a nobler civilization.

But how will he keep the ecstasy  
from showing in his face and trembling hands  
when he goes down to the tenants  
and lovingly touching their grey faces  
tells them POSHAR PATOOSHEN  
— it's all clear, the fire's out?

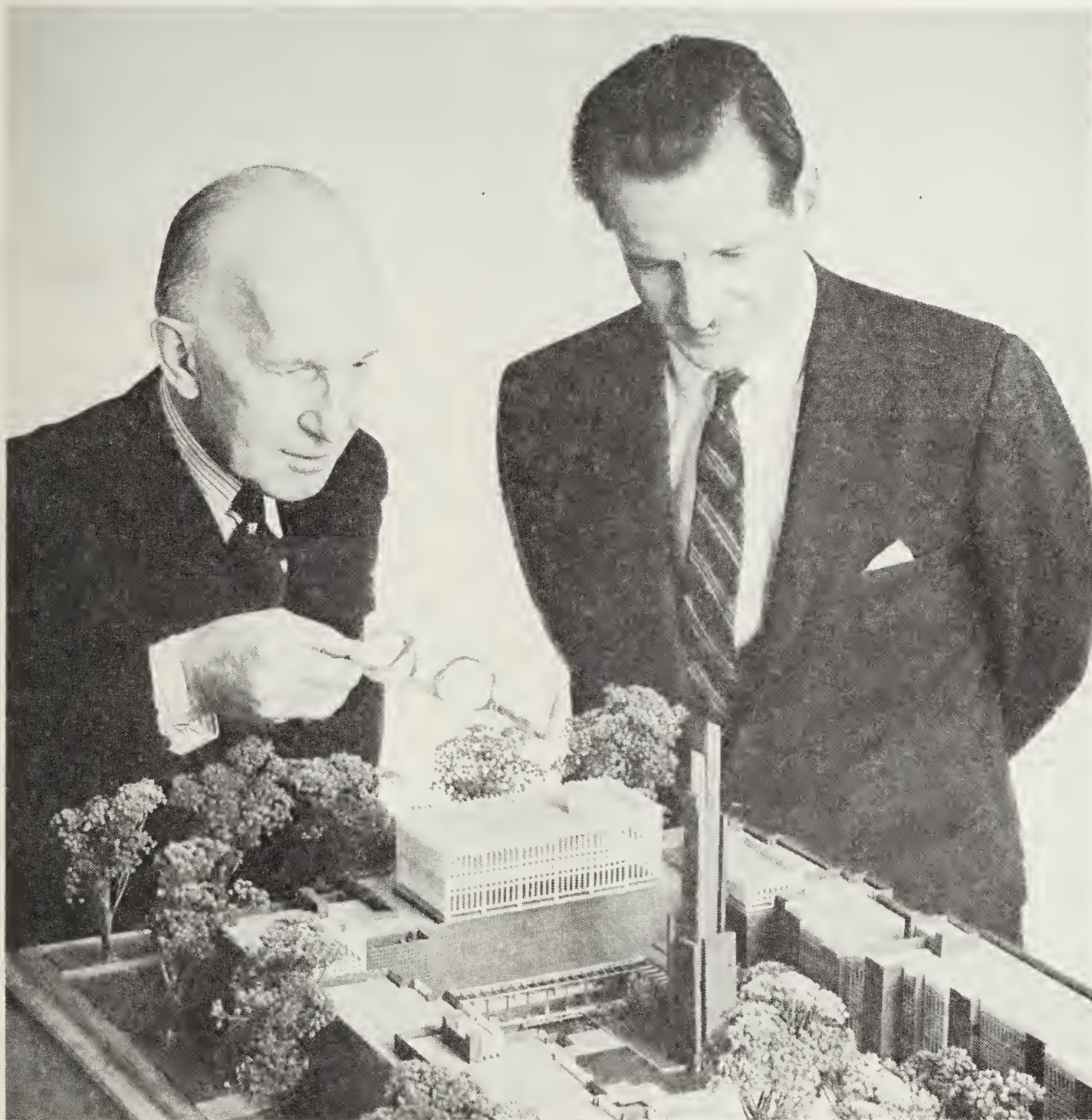
from *The Gucci Bag*



# AN IRONIC COMEDY

BY JUDITH KNELMAN

## VINCENT MASSEY PERCEIVED



It's not uncommon for a biographer to find himself stuck with a project that stretches to many more years than he'd originally anticipated. That situation can breed resentment in an author who sees himself as a captive of his dead subject, hemmed in by his original commitment and investment of time. A biographer who's stumbled on more material than he'd intended to examine may not drop his book, but often he'll lose interest in the final stages, working only out of a sense of duty.

Though it took Claude Bissell a lot longer than he thought it would to produce the first volume of a biography of Vincent Massey, he seems as enthusiastic now about the man as he must have been in 1975, when he started his research. It's a good thing, since he's nowhere near finished: *The Young Vincent Massey*, which came out in the fall (published by the University of Toronto Press), ends as

Massey, at 48, leaves Canada to take up the post of High Commissioner to the United Kingdom in 1935. It won't be until some time in volume two that he reaches the peak of his career as the first Canadian-born Governor-General, and that we'll have to wait two or three years for.

Bissell says he hasn't felt Massey looking impatiently, critically or any other way over his shoulder. Probably Massey wouldn't wholly approve of the way he's presented, since Bissell regards his contributions to culture as far more important than his political career. Massey's autobiography, Bissell says, plays down the enthusiasm and support he gave to the arts early in his life. "In his own book he saw his youth through the haze of his later life," says Bissell. "He wanted to make a lasting impression as a politician. But he was essentially an academic person. He knew himself that he functioned better in an academic than a political milieu."





JACK MARSHALL

There is no haze in Bissell's version of Massey's early life. The building of Hart House, the sponsorship of theatre and music there, the recognition of the merit of the Group of Seven painters and the deep interest and involvement in the University of Toronto and Upper Canada College are treated far more seriously than the abortive attempt to dominate the Liberal party, which Bissell finds somewhat amusing. The chapter on Massey's contest with Mackenzie King is the liveliest in the book with Bissell pitting the two highly successful and intelligent but egocentric figures against each other and standing back to watch the comedy of their encounter. He calls it "an ironic comedy in the Meredithian sense" in a reference to the way Victorian novelist George Meredith consistently unmasked self-deception as a foible of human nature. Each intended to use the other, but King's efforts were smoother and more successful. He needed Massey as a symbol of approval from the moneyed business sector, and King knew enough to

control Massey's activities so that he served only these functions. Massey myopically saw his position as a stepping-stone.

"For a while I think Massey really thought he could dislodge King and become leader of the Liberal party," Bissell chuckles, enjoying the reconstruction he has worked out in the book of King's manipulation of Massey as president of the National Liberal Federation. "When King turned on him savagely I suppose he realized this man was just too tough and formidable for him." In the book he says Massey was no politician but "an aesthete delighting in the glitter of ideas, and pleased by his skill in presenting them."

That is not a pejorative judgment. Bissell is, after all, an aesthete himself, a professor of English whose special area is the criticism of Canadian literature by Canadians. He is also an academic politician who knows what it takes to operate in political wheelings and dealings: as president of the University of Toronto from 1958 to 1971 he had plenty of contact with Queen's Park and Ottawa as well as day-to-day encounters with assertive faculty members and dissident students.

Clearly, he admires Massey for his intellect, his energy and his pursuit of form and perfection. Massey was devoted to detail, he says, as he discovered when he first got to know him well, during a visit to Rideau Hall shortly after he became Governor-General in 1952. Bissell had been summoned to help Massey write a speech on the centenary of Trinity College.

"I noticed that at lunch he would dominate the conversation," Bissell recalls. "He would like to shape it so that he could leave the room with a final speech — sort of like an Oscar Wilde play. I used to try to feed him lines."

Bissell says Massey, who liked things to have a beginning, a middle and an end, led a life that can be viewed symmetrically, since it began and ended with educational projects. "He started out as a young man with Hart House, which was designed to bring a sense of unity to undergraduate life. Then as a man in his declining years he also thought of some process of unification, but this time by concentrating on a small college which gives a point of reference to the graduate school." When Vincent Massey, as chairman of the Massey Foundation, was guiding Massey College through the various philosophical and physical stages from conception to completion, Bissell was president of U of T. "He was always deeply involved in whatever he did," says Bissell admiringly. "When he did Massey he was concerned about everything down to the very last detail."

Bissell first knew Massey at U of T in the late '40s, when Massey was the chancellor and Bissell assistant to the president. Both had been in England during the war — Massey as high commissioner and Bissell as an officer in the Canadian army. In fact, Bissell remembers a period when he saw Alice Massey in London every day, serving meals at the Officers' Club.

In 1956, when he found himself, as president of Carleton College, just across the street from Massey, the friendship between the two men blossomed. Understandably, Massey was impressed by Bissell's progress in an area where he'd been stymied. He had excellent qualifications academically, Bissell says, but his ambition in the '30s to become president of the University of Toronto was steadfastly ignored by those in power at Queen's Park. ("Think how he might make the U of T live," Alice wrote to her sister in 1931.)

When two years later Bissell moved back to U of T as



president, he suspected it was due to lobbying efforts by Massey, who was on the Board of Governors. "He was a king-maker," says Bissell. "Perhaps I shouldn't say this, but he was very good at selecting people for positions."

Robertson Davies, whom Massey installed as master of the college that bears his name, has observed that he was always on easy terms with people who were good at their jobs but "had no time for the faint-hearted, the mentally dowdy or the lazy". In the pursuit and endorsement of excellence he was bound to encounter judgments that he was a snob. More often, though, and more reasonably, says Bissell, "he was looked on as a sort of symbol of chivalrous manhood, a man born with a silver spoon in his mouth who devoted his life to good causes." Bissell personally found him warm and charming, though his manner tended to be formal and cautious. "I thought he was an attractive human being who did a lot of good." He says he has a sympathetic

identification with Massey that arises out of their pleasant relationship.

The extension of their relationship has given Bissell an appetite for biographical writing. He intends to retire as a teacher this year. Canadian literature, he says, is "losing a lot of its momentum and appeal. I've noticed my classes have become smaller. It's not a vast quantity of material and it's been perhaps overworked." He plans to devote his full time to completing the second volume on Massey, then get on with what he calls "sort of a biography and autobiography" of his old friend Ernest Buckler, a Nova Scotia novelist, and his own relationship to him. Buckler, Davies and Hugh Hood, he thinks, are our top novelists. Though Bissell has no great desire to continue analyzing Canadian literature, he'd like to expand it by documenting the cultural and intellectual history of Canada.

Who better? ■

## MISCELLANY



### THE DAVID DUNLAP DOINGS

Vol. 14, No. 6 Sept. 22, 1981

Among those great burning questions of all time that you've always wanted to know the answer to but were afraid to ask, is that oldie about the azimuth of the DA as seen from DDO. The McLennan building is a good few blocks west of Yonge, right? And as anyone who has hiked it on a winter's morning can tell you, the DDO is a significant way east of Yonge, right? And therefore, the McLennan is well to the west of the DDO, not so? Well, phooey on you! The McLennan is decidedly east of DDO.

Although we've all doubtlessly lain awake at night worrying about this, it wasn't until the problem of a high-speed data link between DA and DDO arose that I ever got around to looking into it. Ordinary phone lines transmit data between computers at a rather less than spectacular rate, and dedicated lines cost about one arm and half a leg, so the question arose as to whether one could actually see DDO from DA and therefore use a microwave link (about one arm and a third of a leg). On a recent sunny summer's afternoon, teetering atop the McLennan building, 10 x 50 binoculars in hand, I put this to the test. Sadly, no amount of anxious scanning revealed even a single gleaming distant dome.

That raised the question of whether I was actually looking in the right direction, and that was what made me get out the maps and do a little plotting. And there it was: standing on the McLennan building one has to look four or five degrees west of north for the direction of DDO. Put another way, you'd have to walk along College to somewhere between Bathurst and Dufferin streets to reach the DDO meridian.

All this because our vague impression that the downtown grid of streets is north-south, east-west, is decidedly off. Downtown Yonge Street actually heads away nearly 17 degrees west of north, although above St. Clair this moderates to about 10 degrees.

And the answer to the line-of-sight question is that you cannot see DDO from McLennan. The latter just isn't tall enough; its northern horizon, even from the very rooftop, is set by the east-west ridge that runs above St. Clair, not to mention some sizable highrises that stick up beyond it.

However, the data link may yet be accomplished by UHF.

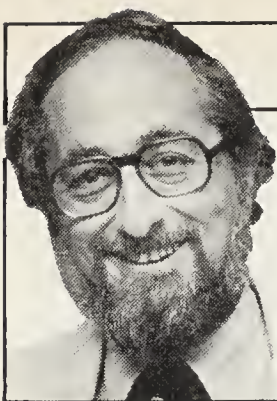
Coincidentally, Las Campanas, with its vista of the Pacific, is in very nearly the same direction from DDO as DA, both a few degrees east of south (although a trifle more than the 13.8 miles between DDO and DA).

Just thought I'd mention it so you can sleep more easily.

NOTE: DA is the Department of Astronomy at Huron and Russell. DDO is the David Dunlap Observatory somewhere in Richmond Hill. John Fernie made these observations. He's chairman of the department and director of the observatory. Reprinted with permission.

— Editor





CLASS OF 1902/BY IAN MONTAGNES

# IT WAS A TIME OF ROBUST PLEASURES

**O**n the evening of February 5 eighty years ago, the Main Building of the university was ablaze with light. Men in formal dress escorted ladies in trailing skirts through the front door into a carpeted reception hall. It was the night of the annual conversazione — a peculiarly Victorian event that combined the enjoyably social with a dash or two of culture.

Orchestras played in both East and West Halls of the building we know as University College. The ladies' reading room and the physics lab

were given over to refreshments. Professors lectured, with lantern slides, on French churches, Greek sculpture, Assyrian history, pre-Raphaelite painting, and the emerging art of photography. Guests could examine exhibits sponsored by the Natural Science Association and the physics, chemistry, psychology, and Oriental departments. Most popular was a demonstration of X-rays and wireless telegraphy.

Yet despite such unparalleled opportunities for popular education, most of the young people present preferred to spend the evening dancing.

For this social note of 1902, I am indebted to Joe Evans, who as registrar of the university from 1948 to 1958 signed the graduation diplomas of many of us. In a later guise, as director of alumni affairs, he secured a copy of the annals of the Class of 1902 UC, written by W.A. Craick, from which this information comes.

It was, on all counts, a memorable time at Varsity. During OT2's years on campus the original university men's residence — a warren of narrow staircases and drafty rooms in the west wing of the Main Building — was closed. So was the dining hall, though it re-opened a while later: 15 cents for lunch, 20 for dinner. The Harmonic Club — tenors, basses, guitars, banjos and mandolins — toured Ontario. The old Queen died. Her grandson, the future George V, received an honorary degree at a special convocation: East Hall was carpeted in red that day. The flagpole and twin cannon that command the eastern entrance to the university grounds were dedicated. And on October 25, 1899, about 2,000 students joined a massive civic parade through flag-decked streets to the Union Station, to see off the first local volunteer contingent to the Boer War. Bearing flags, banners and streamers, the students were a noisy and colourful addition to the patriotic demonstration.

It was a time of robust undergraduate pleasures. Never was this more evident than on Theatre Night, which each year coincided with

Hallowe'en.


In 1899, that came only a few days after the send-off for the soldiers. And again the students paraded, from the front campus to the old Princess Theatre on King Street. Some 1,300 of them filled its galleries — Osgoode, Dentistry, and Trinity in the balcony, UC and SPS above them in the "gods". (Victoria's Methodists presumably did not attend.)

They challenged one another with cheers. They sang before the play and during intermissions. The Engineers suspended an effigy of the Boer leader over the orchestra to a chorus of "We'll hang old Kruger on a sour apple tree," and when the rope broke Osgoode captured the effigy, tore it to pieces, and threw the remains into the pit. Some of the ladies there put up their umbrellas for protection.

That night, the theatre-goers marched quietly after the performance to the campus, stopping only to serenade the women's residences. But a year before they had thronged into King Street, chanting, singing, taking over the sidewalks, pulling trolley poles off wires. Going up Yonge Street, one of them set off a fire alarm, and the reels added to the confusion. Near College Street the police tried to make an arrest, and in the general melee nightsticks were much in evidence. Undeterred, Varsity's men continued to Queen's Park. There they battered a couple of wooden sheds to splinters, set them alight, and danced around the flames. By the time the fire reels reappeared, only embers remained.

Craick's turn-of-the-century memoirs crossed my desk about the same time as a letter from a graduate now living in Kingston. That city has had to endure in recent months some fairly rowdy street parties that spilled off its own campus. "Those of us who live on the doorstep of the local riot-prone institution (and I don't mean Kingston Pen.) get quite nostalgic about Varsity," my correspondent wrote.

Well, cheer up! Toronto also had its times. Another eighty years and, who knows, Queen's may grow up too. ■




**The Varsity**

*First Number of the Century*

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# 'BUT THIS IS OUR WAR'

## GRACE MORRIS CRAIG'S POIGNANT MEMOIR OF COURAGE AND LOSS

**T**here is today an entire generation of Canadians who cannot remember, indeed have never known, what it means to be a nation at war. A time of patriotism and bold adventure? For some, perhaps. For others it is simply a time of loneliness and anxiety punctuated by explosions of grief.

For those who cannot remember such a time, 90-year-old Grace Morris Craig can. Two years ago she began to compile a memoir for her grandchildren documenting her own experience of the First World War. The U of T Press has published her recollections in a book titled *But This is Our War*.

Grace Morris was born in Pembroke on Feb. 20, 1891. Her father, James Lewis Morris, was the first graduate of U of T's School of Practical Science. Her two younger brothers, Ramsey and Basil, both attended U of T. She had applied to the University's program in architecture but was turned away because she was a woman. "Keep your daughter at home, Jim," her father was told. "It's a man's college and she would not be well received." Instead she travelled to British Columbia to visit with family there, returning after a few months to Pembroke where she taught art at Pembroke High School and passed the years in the aimlessly pleasant social life of the town.

In contrast to the dark years that were to follow, Grace Craig's book begins with a vibrant picture of the youthful activities she and her brothers shared with their friends before the war. During that summer of 1914, they played vigorous tennis matches then relaxed by packing picnic baskets into canoes and paddling to a favourite island in the Ottawa River. The starlit evenings were filled with talk and laughter as they danced to a wind-up gramophone or sang the popular songs of the day to ukelele accompaniment.

Even the announcement of war didn't seem to affect their buoyant outlook. Eager to do their part, Ramsey went

overseas with the 42nd Lanarck and Renfrew Regiment and Basil with the First Canadian Tunnelling Company.

The closeness that had been so much a part of the Morris's family life now had to find expression in the letters that form the heart of Grace Craig's book.

The distances they tried to bridge were enormous — both physically and psychologically. The misery of life in the trenches was barely mentioned to the family at home in Pembroke. Nor, because of censorship, could the Morris boys reveal exact locations or details of actions. Added to these constraints, was the sons' determination to be as reassuring as possible.

H.V. Nelles, a professor of history at York University, warns in his foreword to the book that "We should not have unrealistic expectations of letters home from the war zone. They do not provide as much direct testimony about trench life, about the hopes and fears of the soldiers, as one might expect. Military censorship precludes documentary detail. Both the writer of a letter and its receiver were engaged as well in a tacit conspiracy to cheer each other up. No language could convey the horrors. Things *were* beyond the imagination of those at home. And what would be the point of trying to describe the madness?"

Perhaps because more of his letters have been preserved, Basil comes across more vividly than his elder brother. His boyish energy and optimism seem unflagging, even after months of homesickness, fear and being ankle-deep in the mud of the trenches and underground tunnels. When he could stand the mud no longer, he did what many a romantic

GRACE MORRIS IN ENGLAND IN 1916 AND WITH  
RAMSEY AND BASIL IN PEMBROKE IN 1914.





youth longed to do — transferred to the Royal Flying Corps, the most dangerous branch of the services.

Now his letters home were filled with fresh enthusiasm and an underlying note of trepidation, lest his parents somehow try to intervene and get him a dreary, albeit safer, posting in England. Once he was sure they weren't going to block his move, he stopped worrying about making it sound safe and started bubbling with delighted accounts of how quickly he was learning this exciting new skill. Then suddenly he was dead — shot down over Belgium on March 17, 1917. He was 21.

Despite the long casualty lists posted daily in the telegraph office window on Main Street, Basil's death shocked his family. Like everyone else, they had to believe that their loved ones led charmed lives.

Ramsey wrote home after his brother's death. "I cannot conceive of a worse tragedy, Father, than a wasted life, and one's life here is not wasted. One who has gone through some months here has had more experience and has done more than most people can accomplish in a lifetime.

"It's the state of the world just now and this upheaval of everything that counts in life, that make it necessary to do what we can, if it's the hardest thing we will ever have to do. Let us hope that the world after will be better for it."

Ramsey survived the war but endured his share of suffering. "I had one narrow call and don't particularly want any more sausages my way," he wrote laconically. His sister recalls that his "narrow call" mentioned so casually had been a good deal more dramatic than he had described. She explains that "he had been sitting between two of his men in the trench outside their dugout when a 'sausage', a powerful bomb, lobbed over from the German line. Both the other men were killed; Ramsey's uniform had been torn, but he seems to have been protected from the blast by their bodies. Although physically unharmed, he was emotionally-damaged; in fact he was suffering from severe shell-shock..."

He went blind and was hospitalized, but ultimately recovered and returned to duty, though not in the trenches.

Like so many young women, Grace Morris wrote to friends at the front — one in particular, a young officer named Stuart Thorne. Though they'd only just met before he went overseas, they gradually became close through their letters.

Finally, the war was over. It was November 11, 1918.

"Early that morning in Pembroke, a cold, bleak morning with a little snow sifting down, a whistle blew. It was a train whistle at the CPR station. It blew loud and long and people stirred in their sleep. Loud whistles at the two lumber mills on the waterfront joined in, and then the brazen clang of the

firebell on top of the town hall.

"Everybody was now awake. As the bells of all the churches and the sirens at the factories were added to the din, lights appeared everywhere and people poured into the streets. We rushed about visiting friends, laughing and embracing one another, attending spontaneous breakfast parties. By midday a parade had been assembled with every available vehicle, the ancient red and brass fire engine buried under masses of small boys... partying and parading ended only when evening came and fatigue took over."

Stuart Thorne came home in the spring and they planned a June wedding. He took a job with Ontario Hydro and rented a little house with a garden at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

"The day approached and only the last-minute details remained to be completed: final fittings for the wedding dress, invitations to be mailed to close friends. Arrangements for our wedding trip to Quebec City were to be made by the groom on a weekend in Toronto."

But on that weekend, Stuart Thorne collapsed while attending church. He had endocarditis, an infection in the lining of the heart, resulting from an attack of trench fever at the front in the late spring of 1916. Instead of a wedding ceremony, there was a funeral.

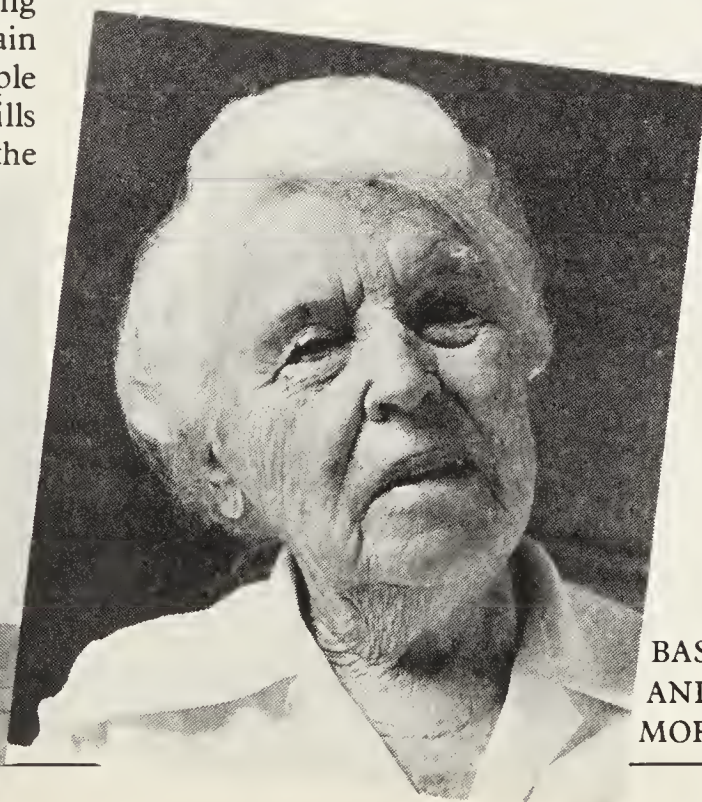
Months passed. Grace Morris drifted like a ghost on the fringes of life in Pembroke. At last, to coax his daughter out of her moody introspection, James Morris arranged a job for her as an apprentice architect with the Toronto firm of Craig and Madill. She was the only female architectural draughtsman in the city. In 1923, she married James H. Craig (B.A.Sc. '12), a partner in the firm. They had three children: James (B.Arch.'50), Mary (D.O.T.'51) and Sheila (B.A.'50).

Sixteen years after their wedding, Jim Craig, a veteran of the First World War, left his family to go off to the second.

"Despite Jim's apparent good health, the war work was too strenuous for him at his age; he developed angina, which eventually led to his death."

Grace's brother Ramsey, meanwhile, had set up a law practice in southwestern Ontario. But his life, too, was foreshortened. He died at 60 of a stroke.

Grace Craig's narrative concludes in the voice of that forlorn young woman of 1919. "In this tragic world there must be a purpose. Perhaps for me it is that I must live to see that the names of the men who gave their lives for this beautiful country should not be forgotten." ■



BASIL MORRIS, 1917,  
AND GRACE  
MORRIS CRAIG, 1981.





## ENTRANCE EXAMS

**E**ver since the Ontario government eliminated grade 13 "departmental" exams 15 years ago, students' marks have skyrocketed.

While only 5.9 per cent of grade 13 students scored an average of 80 or higher in 1967 (the last year for departmentals), an estimated 24 per cent now achieve that score. Over that period, the cut-off point for admission to the Faculty of Arts and Science at U of T's St. George campus rose from between 60 and 64 per cent for most programs to 74.5.

However, the problem isn't marks inflation but the total lack of a uniform marking standard. Even the Ministry of Education admits that an 83 from one school can be the equivalent of a 69 from another.

"Right now we have a system where teachers set their own grades and different schools have different

standards," says arts and science dean Arthur Kruger. "Yet despite the discrepancies, we have to assume (for admission purposes) that a 78 is a 78, no matter who awards it. So as long as we're rationing places, we're probably doing injustices."

Kruger's proposed solution to the problem is to require all applicants from grade 13 to write entrance exams, beginning in 1985. The main objection to that scheme will probably spring from the fact that the proposed exams are American in origin.

If the concept is approved by the University's Governing Council, all applicants from grade 13 would have to write the English composition and one other test from the series administered by the U.S. College Entrance Examination Board. The CEEB series includes tests in French, German, Hebrew, Latin, Spanish, biology, chemistry, physics,

mathematics, American history, European history and English literature.

A possible alternative to those "other" tests might be a test in Canadian history which would be developed by the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education at an initial cost of \$10,000 to \$12,000. A smaller sum would be paid for alternate forms so the same questions would not recur year after year.

CEEB would incorporate the Canadian test into its own battery and would place a testing centre within 75 miles of every applicant's school or provide for separate administration of the tests. Results would be weighed along with grade 13 marks and successful applicants who enrol would have the \$20 test fee refunded by the university.

Naturally there are trade-offs implied in this attempt to establish more reliable entrance standards. Administering the test will cost at least \$100,000 a year in refunds to the estimated 5,000 to 6,000 successful applicants. Also, the number of applicants could drop if entrance requirements become too stringent.

Dean Kruger counters that CEEB testing costs would be offset by the substantial scaling-down or even elimination of English proficiency testing and writing labs.

"Our best estimate is that the college boards would cost us nothing. As for the drop in applicants — sure, it's possible; but we can afford to lose some. We're already larger, by 1,000 full-time students, than Simcoe Hall would like us to be.

"There's no doubt in my mind that these tests are the route we should be going because the way things are, we know we're doing injustices both in admitting students and in awarding scholarships."

## NEW ARTS AND SCIENCE DEAN

A new dean has been named for the Faculty of Arts & Science. Physics department chairman Robin Armstrong, 46, will succeed political economist Arthur Kruger on July 1.

Armstrong moves to the helm of the University's biggest division. As dean, he will oversee 29 departments, 12,600 students, 1,000 professors and a budget of about \$50 million.

General policy directions probably won't change because Armstrong is a

self-professed Kruger fan but watch for made-in-Canada entrance exams and a larger role for the colleges.

Armstrong acknowledges that being dean in these tight-money times could prove a frustrating and unrewarding experience. Yet he admits he wasn't "dragged kicking and screaming" into the job. He likes administrative work and, having earned his three degrees here then joined the faculty after a stint at

Oxford as a post-doctoral fellow, he has a deep-rooted affection and concern for U of T.

"If my colleagues think I can make a contribution when there are serious problems then I'm prepared to take them up on it," says Armstrong.

His appointment continues an informal rotation in deans: a scientist following a social scientist, who in turn had followed a humanist.



## CAMPUS COMEDY

Passing a box on College Street, a U of T physics professor was startled to see, on the front page of *The Globe and Mail*, a large (and, he thought, unflattering) photograph of President James Ham. Closer scrutiny revealed the paper to be *The Glob and Male*, Canada's National Snooze-paper — better known to its readers as the engineering students' *Toike Oike*. Last year's parody of *The Toronto Star* won praise even from *Star* columnist Michele Landsberg, who had denounced previous issues as sexist and racist.

Unfortunately, *The Glob* limits its mimicry to format and neglects the content of its real-life counterpart. But then perhaps *The Globe's* columnists are harder to satirize than *The Star's*.

Ah, well, *The Glob* still offers the requisite titters for those with a scatological bent. And, as usual, it has been termed "offensive" and "disgusting" by the Students' Administrative Council's Women's Commission.

Between sporadic issues of the *Toike*, campus readers can turn once again to *The Varsity* for an occasional injection of humour to ward off the winter woes.

That paper's editorial page is no longer a dreary compendium of doctrine from the various factions of the fragmented left. Now, thanks to editor BJ Del Conte, even the University's most depressing shortcomings are being served up with a flair for fun. There was his proposal, for example, that the University stay afloat financially by charging admission (\$1,500) to its Campus Wonderland.

"Quake at the sight of living skeletons — underpaid TAs and support staff — and cave-dwelling students who can't find housing within a hundred miles of the campus.

"And don't forget such historical curiosities as the ancient and dangerous laboratory equipment presently being used by U of T science students. Or the awe-inspiring Pyramid of Unshelved Books that towers in a cavernous vault beneath Robarts library.

"And while in Fort Book, marvel at the natural splendour of the Insect Village that infests ninety per cent of the stacks. A must!"

University administrators and student politicians cast a wary eye towards *The Varsity* now lest its fledgling Allan Fotheringham single them out in his next lampoon.

The St. Michael's College news-



paper has denounced BJ's "sneering wit" and indignant letters fill the page around his editorials but ol' BJ is a moving target and readers rarely get the last word.

When S.A.C. women's commissioner Leah Taylor wrote in about an article she regarded as sexist, BJ countered by reprimanding her for not criticizing two sexist ads that had also appeared in the paper.

"If you feel that something is wrong," he wrote below Taylor's letter, "then it must be wrong all of the time, and should not be open to criticism on a selective basis."

Where is the Foth of the future likely to turn up once his tenure as Varg editor expires? Will he follow so many of his predecessors into an illustrious career in professional journalism?

BJ (the "B" is rumoured to stand for Blake) is non-committal but has taken the precaution of equipping himself with a supplementary occupation. He's lead singer with an as-yet-undiscovered group called Crispy Critters.

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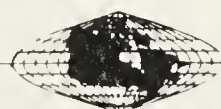
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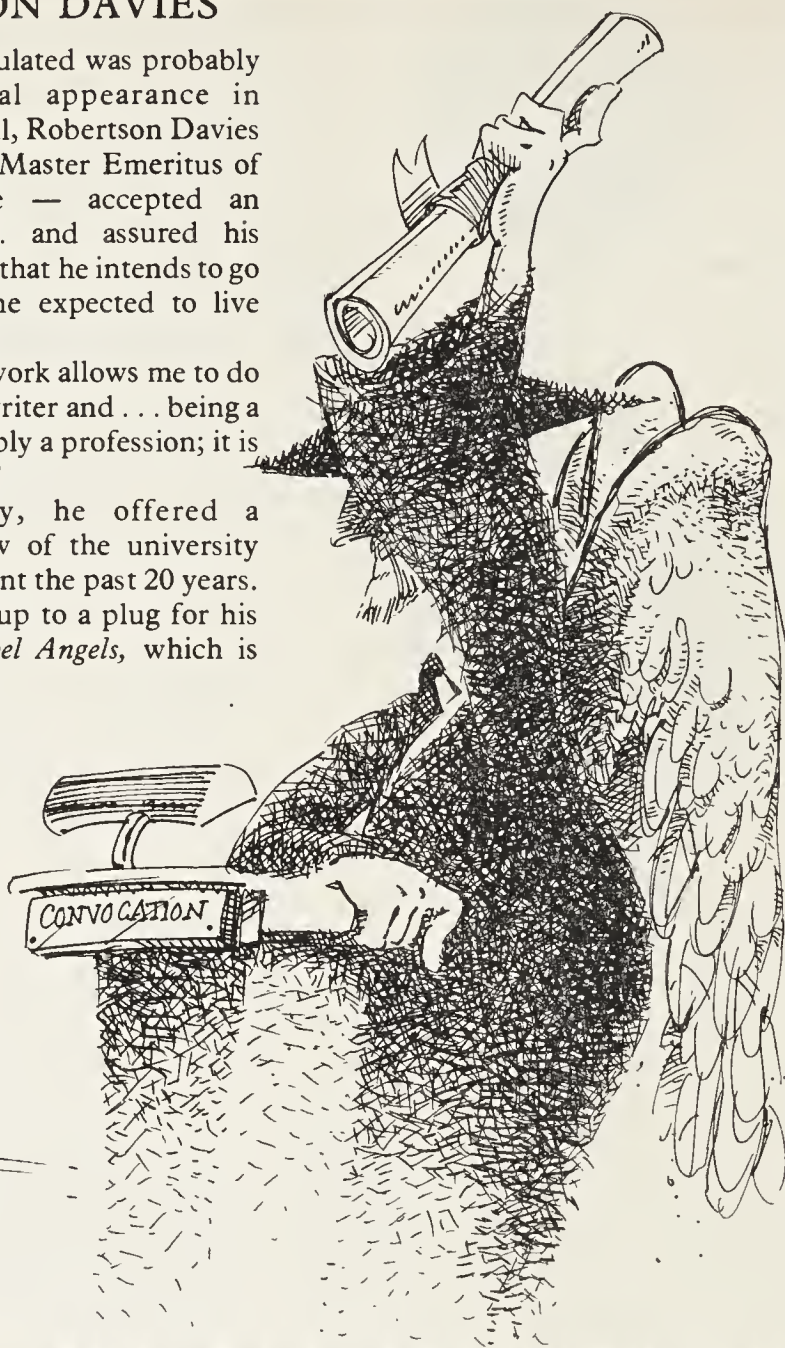


## ROBERTSON DAVIES

In what he speculated was probably his last official appearance in Convocation Hall, Robertson Davies — novelist and Master Emeritus of Massey College — accepted an honorary LL.D. and assured his fellow graduates that he intends to go right on as if he expected to live forever.

"Luckily my work allows me to do that, for I am a writer and . . . being a writer is not simply a profession; it is a temperament."

Appropriately, he offered a writer's-eye view of the university where he has spent the past 20 years. Artfully, he led up to a plug for his latest novel, *Rebel Angels*, which is



about university life and features academics displaying their erudition. Disdainfully, he castigated those reviewers who have complained that his book is full of useless information.

There's no such thing, said Davies, who then broke his resolution not to offer advice to the graduating class.

"Know at least one thing thoroughly, and after that know as much as you can possibly cram into your head about everything and anything else under the sun, and the longer you live the more you will see that not one scrap of it is useless. It all falls together in a grand pattern which is characteristic of you, which is your portion of wisdom, and which is your greatest glory, solace and plaything . . .

"You learn your professional skills — doctoring, teaching, law, economics, history or whatever it may be — but without this body of vagarious personal knowledge which awaits you somewhere, you are nothing very much, and your life will not be greatly illumined."

Earlier in the day, Davies had returned to Massey College to attend the unveiling of a plaque at the entrance of the newly-designated Robertson Davies Library — named in recognition of his distinction as a writer and his contributions to the college. Beneath the plaque is a bust of the founding master by sculptor Almuth Lutkenhaus.

Unveiling the plaque was Davies' successor, J.N.P. Hume, who took over as Master of Massey last July.

## INCIDENTAL FEE

"Please sir, we want to pay more!"

Would undergraduate engineering students really say a thing like that to their dean? Some of them already have and, as for the rest, the verdict will be out any day now.

In a January referendum, the engineers will decide whether or not to go along with Dean Gordon Slemon's proposal to introduce a \$100 "incidental" fee, effective this fall. The resulting revenue would go towards supplies, equipment and teaching assistants that would otherwise be unaffordable because the engineering faculty's operating budget will probably fall \$1.3 million short of what is needed, says Dean Slemon. The proposal has already been approved in principle by the Engineering Society Council. The vote was 60 to 3.

Why would students be willing to take on an additional financial burden? Slemon explains that, "while often ebullient in their leisure

time, engineering students are very serious about their education and value quality sufficiently to make this contribution from their already limited financial resources.

"Taking a career perspective, the total incidental fee (over the four years) would be equal to approximately one week's income after graduation. It could have a major impact on future professional effectiveness."

Students aren't the only ones concerned with the quality of their education. The Canadian Accreditation Board of the Canadian Council of Professional Engineers is responsible for seeing that engineering programs meet the academic requirements for registration in provincial organizations. On-site visits are made periodically by accreditation teams, arranged on an ad hoc basis and made up of practising engineers and academics, who report to the national board. Following the latest visit to U of T, the board has "detected deficiencies" in the program as a result of budget cuts

made over the past five years and has demanded a report by next September on improvements made. Failure to restore staff, equipment and supplies to acceptable levels could result in the faculty losing its accreditation but Slemon says that would be "unthinkable".

In advocating the incidental fee, the dean is proceeding on the assumption that the University's central administration will only be able to allot the engineering faculty 85 per cent of what is actually needed. Other possible sources of revenue are new continuing education programs, contract research, services to industry, royalties from inventions, and alumni gifts.

Though a \$100 incidental fee would only provide a fifth of the amount needed to cover the faculty's projected shortfall, Slemon hopes the students' willingness to make that sacrifice will help in making "a compelling appeal" to the administration and the alumni.

"It's not just the money, but the conviction that goes with it."



# KUDOS, NOT DARTS FOR AXWORTHY

Lloyd Axworthy deserves not darts but kudos for adopting an incisive and pragmatically sound "affirmative action" policy. (Only Canadians Need Apply, Nov./Dec. 1981.) Such policies become necessary when a situation exists wherein a group, be they blacks, women, the French, etc., finds it practically impossible to gain responsible positions, not for lack of ability but for lack of opportunity to take the initial steps.

What Mr. Axworthy has obviously perceived is a definite bias toward the hiring of foreign academics in preference to suitable Canadian applicants. In many of our universities, especially the newer, smaller ones, "hiring the best in the world" has moved out of the sphere of an appointment procedure into the realm of subtle intimidation used by colonialist administrators to keep the locals in their place. Furthermore, the innuendo in the quiz, that hiring the best in the world would preclude the success of a Canadian candidate, is typical of the negative, loser mentality inculcated into generations of Canadians.

The old Canadian custom of deferring to the British or American expert is hardly a new phenomenon — it exists in every aspect of our society. However, it gets harder to spot in a university environment where foreign input is essential: homogeneity would be the death knell of a vibrant intellectual life. For a university to do its job properly it must provide its students with the kind of challenge that only the diversity of external sources can supply. Some universities, however, have gone overboard in the amount of foreign influence they allow, to the point where there are departments that claim up to 90 per cent non-Canadian staff.

U of T may have succeeded in avoiding the problem, for it was well established as a truly Canadian institution prior to the expansion years of the '60s when out-of-country hiring was an absolute necessity: there simply were not enough Canadians to fill positions in existing and newly formed universities. That situation no longer exists but it can

Letters may be edited to fit available space and should be addressed: Graduate Letters, Department of Information Services, University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1.

become the case again if we allow our best minds to go unexploited and our best talents to go untapped. Our lack of foresight will force many of them to look elsewhere for recognition. (Sound familiar?)

This certainly will be the most damaging of the long-term effects: what impression will the university student get if the vast majority of his professors are not Canadians? It doesn't take too much imagination to believe that he will assume that his fellow Canadians are not in high places because they are not good enough to be there.

Like it or not, Canadians are not strong nationalists, in the sense of having faith in ourselves to direct our own destiny. Perhaps we are still too young a country — still too inclined to be "other directed". There is more external control of our intellectual life than we want to admit, even to ourselves.

I see Mr. Axworthy as the man of the hour, headed toward the same intensely patriotic goal as is Pierre Trudeau's constitutional push: Canadian pride and Canadian future — prudently perceived and pragmatically planned. I lament the situation which makes this drastic affirmative action necessary but I applaud the man and the government who had the wisdom to institute it.

*Sarah Noyes  
Sault Ste Marie*

As a U of T graduate who is also an underemployed scholar, I take exception to "Only Canadians Need Apply".

For years Canadian universities have been hiring foreigners and bypassing born Canadians, alleging that the foreigners were "better qualified". In perhaps one case out of ten, this was really true.

In the other nine cases, "better qualified" meant that the foreigner had more publications and teaching experience than the Canadian. Why so? Not because the foreigner was the better scholar or teacher, but merely because his country, unlike Canada, had enabled him to earn his living by plying his trade. While the foreigner was thus becoming "qualified", the Canadian who lost out had been toiling away at some non-academic job which kept the wolf from the door but gave no opportunity for teaching and left no time or energy for research and writing.

Canadian universities have done little or nothing to break this vicious circle in which they continually rejected Canadian graduates as "less qualified" and thereby ensured that those graduates would never become "more qualified". To his credit, Mr. Axworthy has finally acted to stop this. Anyone who really cares for the intellectual life of this country ought to praise, not censure him.

*William Cooke  
Toronto*

It is most reassuring, amid the welter of hype, to read articles which are not geared up to sell me something, condition my politics, bend my mind, or, heaven forbid, change my lifestyle, whatever that may be.

Please keep thinking clearly, writing honestly. We need you.

*R.M. Gibson  
Cobourg*

I am not the graduate in the family, but enjoy the articles, especially those on art, poetry and music. In particular, I found Pamela Cornell's "History and Hyperbole" on the history of ancient Mesopotamia fascinating.

According to John Bassett, CBC producer, "people have a deep psychological need to go back in history, and figure out why we're in such a mess now." Perhaps this is so, succeeding generations continue to ignore the lessons of the past. But also there is a need to dispel the scepticism of the 20th century and





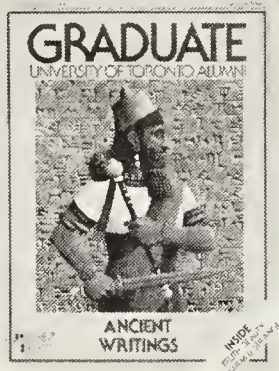
## The Young Vincent Massey

Claude Bissell

An absorbing portrait of one of Canada's best known and least understood figures — statesman, cultural advocate, family man, and first native governor-general — from childhood to 1935. '... an artistic triumph... splendid prose and a clear-eyed assessment of Massey's contributions to Canadian culture.' *Financial Post* \$22.50

Claude Bissell is also author of *Halfway Up Parnassus* which recounts his years as President of the University of Toronto from 1958 to 1971, years in which he came to know Vincent Massey well.

University of Toronto Press



# THANK YOU!

to the many readers who responded to our invitation to become voluntary subscribers to *The Graduate*. To those who intended and forgot, the invitation is still open. Send \$10 to The Graduate, Department of Information Services, University of Toronto, Toronto M5S 1A1 and mark it voluntary subscription.

the discovery of new records buttresses our beliefs and our faith in God.

M. Chard  
Ingersoll, Ontario

It is about time that I renewed my voluntary subscription to *The Graduate*. This is one magazine that I read from cover to cover and wait eagerly for the next issue.

As far as I am concerned, it is the best periodical published in Canada and I only hope that you can keep up to the standard of the present and that it will have a long life.

My cheque for \$10 is enclosed.

Robert B. Thomas  
Moncton

Over the past few months, I have read with interest the articles and letters about Moss scholar, Maureen Kelly, and about the Transitional Year Program in which she was a student.

It seems everyone has forgotten that Maureen gained entry to this university through the Pre-University Program offered by Woodsworth College and not through the Transitional Year Program. She was registered in pre-university English in the 1974 summer session, and in his evaluation her instructor wrote that she "will do very well in university".

Congratulations, Maureen. We are proud of you!

Carol McKay, Director  
Pre-University Program  
Woodsworth College

Either your puzzles are getting easier, or I'm getting better at solving them. However, they're still fun. I particularly liked clue 25 across, Test No. 13.

Keep them coming.

Edward O. Penhale  
Mississauga

Thank you for The Graduate Test. I worked with Prof. Lash Miller in physical chemistry for B.A. and M.A. degrees and he said often, "Miss Holt, solving your chemistry research is a detective's problem."

And I had that problem with number 30 across — then I thought of the Broken Code and I laughed.

I sincerely hope that our great university brings back the honour courses once again. We should set high goals, high standards for our brightest and best — our leaders of tomorrow.

Mary Adelaide Holt Meyer  
Atlanta

Please accept this Test No. 12 solution even though postmarked Nov. 5. It was not received until Oct. 31, the published cut-off date. Furthermore, I did not even submit Test No. 11 because it wasn't received until a month after the June 30 deadline (which can be explained by the postal strike).

But how do you explain the delay in receipt of the Sept./Oct. issue? I get other bulk rate Canadian mail with not nearly the problem you people seem to have.

So once again I plead. Is there not something you can do to get issues of *The Graduate* into the mails sooner. I enjoy receiving the material, even if late, but would very much like to try the Tests within the allotted time frame.

John Erskine  
San Ramon, California

We received this letter on Nov. 12 and the entry was included with the others. As most readers seem to have assumed, there are no rules, really, involved in *The Graduate Test*. We do have a deadline but generally ignore it. As to getting the magazine into the mails sooner, it just isn't possible. They are mailed almost the second they come off the press. The printing company does not have facilities for storing 138,000 magazines.

Editor.

I am a master's student in history at McMaster University and am writing a thesis on the activities of the Student Christian Movement on Canadian college and university campuses before World War II.

I would appreciate it if alumni who were involved with the origin and

early years of the S.C.M. would write to me with recollections, reminiscences and documentation.

Thank you.

Donald L. Kirkey  
25E Bryna Avenue  
Hamilton, L9A 4W9



## ARTHUR BRUCE BARBOUR MOORE, LL.D.

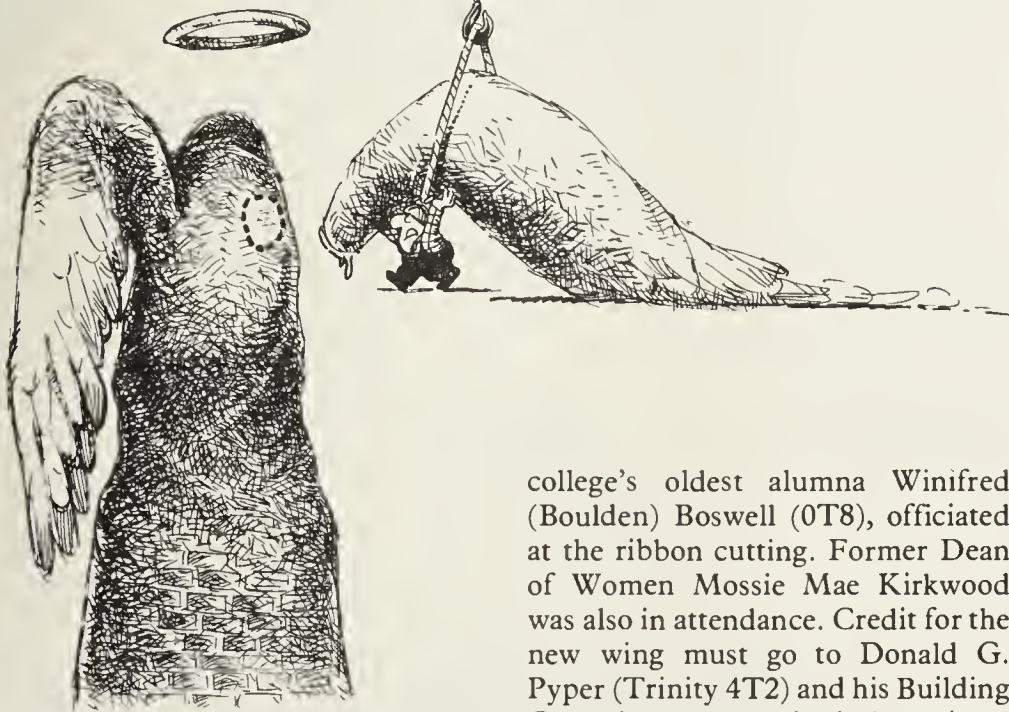
On Wednesday evening, November 25 the University of Toronto conferred an LL.D. on former Chancellor, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Arthur B.B. Moore. It was the fall Convocation for arts and science graduates and they and their families were joined by a full turnout of alumni as well as present members of the University community, anxious to pay tribute to a respected and beloved elder statesman. Presenter Marnie Paikin, former chairman of

Governing Council, traced Dr. Moore's career of service to church and education through his earliest years in the Maritimes, his distinguished presidency of Victoria from 1952 to 1972, his post-retirement election as Moderator of the United Church of Canada, and his post-post-retirement years as Chancellor of the University of Toronto. Alumni who participated in the ceremony included alumni representative on Governing Council Helen Pearce, a Victoria graduate who became the first woman to carry the mace, and Alumni Association president James Joyce and past-president Douglas Kingsbury who acted as Esquire-Bedels.

## SOCIAL WORK ALUMNI TAKE NOTICE

Sophie Boyd, a graduate of 3T4, was an outstanding social worker and probation officer. In her honour the Sophie Boyd Lecture was founded. The lecture has now been replaced by the Sophie Boyd Award, open to all social work alumni who are interested in further study, research or a project of at least one month's

duration which has potential value for the development of the profession. Some preference will be given to studies in the field of justice. There will be one award of \$1,000 or two of \$500. Candidates should direct enquiries to the Sophie Boyd Award Committee, Faculty of Social Work Alumni Association, University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1. February 15 is the deadline.



## NEW WING FOR THE SAINTS

St. Hilda's alumnae celebrated the opening of a \$2,000,000 extension to the college on St. Hilda's Day, November 17. Chancellor George Ignatieff (Trinity 3T6) and the

college's oldest alumna Winifred (Boulden) Boswell (0T8), officiated at the ribbon cutting. Former Dean of Women Mossie Mae Kirkwood was also in attendance. Credit for the new wing must go to Donald G. Pyper (Trinity 4T2) and his Building Committee who raised the private money which made it possible. Generous donors included Consolidated Bathurst Ltd. and the late Doris (McCordick) Grigaut of 3T4 who left the college a \$250,000 bequest. The remaining funds were provided by other alumni and friends and by Trinity College budget allocations.

## BOOK NOW FOR NEXT FALL

The annual book sales at Trinity and U.C. netted a combined total of more than \$15,000. Tidy souls doing post-Christmas library culling can make a painless donation by calling Mary Martin at Trinity, 978-2651, or June Surgey at U.C., 978-8601, to have their contributions collected.



## Immersion in France

The University of Tours in the fabulous Chateaux Country offers one month language courses for beginners to advanced students of French. Afternoons are free to enjoy faculty-conducted excursions in the beautiful Loire Valley, Brittany, Normandy, etc.

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Departures on June 30, July 31 and August 31.

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One month courses in Spanish at the Centro de Espanol for beginning to advanced students of Spanish. To enhance learning, accommodation is with a Spanish family and includes three meals daily. Tuition, transfers and return flight to Malaga are also included in this low price.

Departures on June 30, July 31 and August 31

Inclusive prices from

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## ROOT AND BRANCHES

Ambassadors from the campus continue to be warmly received by the far-flung alumni empire. Professor R.F. Garrison of the Department of Astronomy was the "star" of an Ottawa branch program at the National Museum of Science and Technology on Oct. 27. Rochester has come to life under the leadership of Richard Dollinger and the Rev. Charles J. Lavery and held a successful meeting on Oct. 29. Windsor played host to Innis College's master of the academic pun, Principal Dennis Duffy, on Oct. 29 and Chancellor and Mrs. George Ignatieff were honoured at a cocktail reception given by Washington branch in November. To no one's surprise, Montreal's evening with Professor Northrop Frye was a sell-out and Alumni Affairs director Bert Pinnington is reporting success in forming or reviving branches in Windsor, Stratford and Woodstock.

## ENLIGHTENED SELF-INTEREST

Under President James Joyce the U.T.A.A. Directorate has scheduled a series of informative programs that would daunt less dedicated volunteers. At the September meeting, Donald Ivey, vice-president institutional relations, Father John Kelly, past-president of St. Michael's, and Peter Richardson, principal of University College, gave their several views of the *Memorandum of Understanding*, the agreement between the University and its colleges which is being renegotiated because of the

colleges' dissatisfaction with the existing terms.

In November, the alumni governors reported the concerns and issues arising in their various committees of Governing Council this year. Of special interest to directors: the University of Toronto Library Automation Systems (UTLAS) which a Woods Gordon report has recommended for refinancing and reorganization; the \$15.9 million of unbudgeted revenue arising primarily from unprecedented interest rates and unexpectedly high enrolments which became a matter of contention with the faculty association.

## A LIVING MEMORIAL

The first Wiegand lecture by Sir Kenneth Dover of Oxford in March (see Events) is the result of a donation from the Wiegand Foundation in memory of a remarkable alumnus, Dr. William Bryan Wiegand. Dr. Wiegand graduated with his B.A. from Victoria in 1912 and obtained his M.A. in 1913. He was awarded an LL.D. in 1959. For many years before his death in August 1976, Dr. Wiegand lived in the United States where he enjoyed an outstanding career arising out of an absorbing interest in industrial research which he said had been sparked by the late Professor Lash Miller.

His concerns for the University were set out in a paper entitled "Visions for Varsity" and the foundation hopes that the approach to social problems expressed in that paper will be reflected in projects supported by the fund. Specifically, interest from the capital is to be used at the discretion of the dean of arts and science to "foster activities which are interdisciplinary in scope and of interest to a broad cross-section of the public". Chairman of the fund's Advisory Committee is Professor Charles Hanly.

Alumni in the United States will remember Dr. Wiegand best for his generous support of the Associates and his role in the establishment of the Bissell Chair.

## A NEW POIGNANCY

Whether it's the new strength of the European peace movement or simply a more sombre public mood, the University of Toronto Alumni Association's Act of Remembrance at Soldiers' Tower on November 11 attracted one of the highest turnouts since the '50s. The brief but impressive service included a carillon concert, the playing of the Last Post by Daniel Warren of the Faculty of Music and the placing of wreaths by President James Ham, U.T.A.A. president James Joyce, S.A.C. president Matthew Holland and J.K. Affleck of the 67th (Varsity) Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force, 1915-18.





# The Governing Council call for nominations

Edward Kerwin, chairman of the College of Electors, has issued a call for nominations for two alumni representatives on the University's Governing Council, to serve from July 1, 1982 to June 30, 1985. The three-year terms of Gerald Nash and Jordan Sullivan expire on June 30. They are both eligible for re-election.

Governing Council is made up of 50 members representing all estates of the University community: the Chancellor and President *ex officio*, two presidential appointees, 16 government appointees, eight alumni, 12 teaching staff, two administrative staff, eight students.

To supervise the many facets of the University's operation, four standing committees and their subcommittees have been established and delegated authority by the council. After detailed examination, matters are brought to the council as a whole. All major policy decisions require the approval of Governing Council.

The Academic Affairs Committee's responsibilities include academic standards and practices, establishment and termination of academic

units and programs, academic incidental fees, and policy on academic appointments and promotions.

The Business Affairs Committee monitors matters affecting the business affairs of the University. These include capital projects, property owned or leased by the University, physical plant and equipment, and all non-academic personnel matters.

Responsibilities of the Committee on Campus and Community Affairs include the University's relationship to its alumni and to the public, campus and student services and organizations, Governing Council elections and the College of Electors.

The Planning and Resources Committee's responsibilities include objectives and priorities of the University as a whole and its divisions, resource implications of the establishment or termination of academic programs, research policy, budget planning and the annual operating budget.

All members of Governing Council sit on one or more committees. Most committees have members

who are not governors and several of these co-opted members are alumni.

A candidate for Governing Council must be an alumnus/a of the University; must not be a member of the staff or a student in the University; must be willing to attend frequent meetings of the Governing Council and its committees; and must be a Canadian citizen.

*The University of Toronto Act, 1971 as amended*, defines alumni as "persons who have received degrees or post-secondary diplomas or certificates from the University, or persons who have completed one year of full-time studies or the equivalent thereof as determined by the Governing Council, towards a degree, diploma or certificate and are no longer registered at the University."

Nomination forms may be obtained by writing to the Secretary, College of Electors, room 106, Simcoe Hall, University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1, or by telephoning (416) 978-6576. The deadline for receipt of nominations at Simcoe Hall is noon, Monday, February 22, 1982. Nominations received elsewhere or after that time will be invalid.

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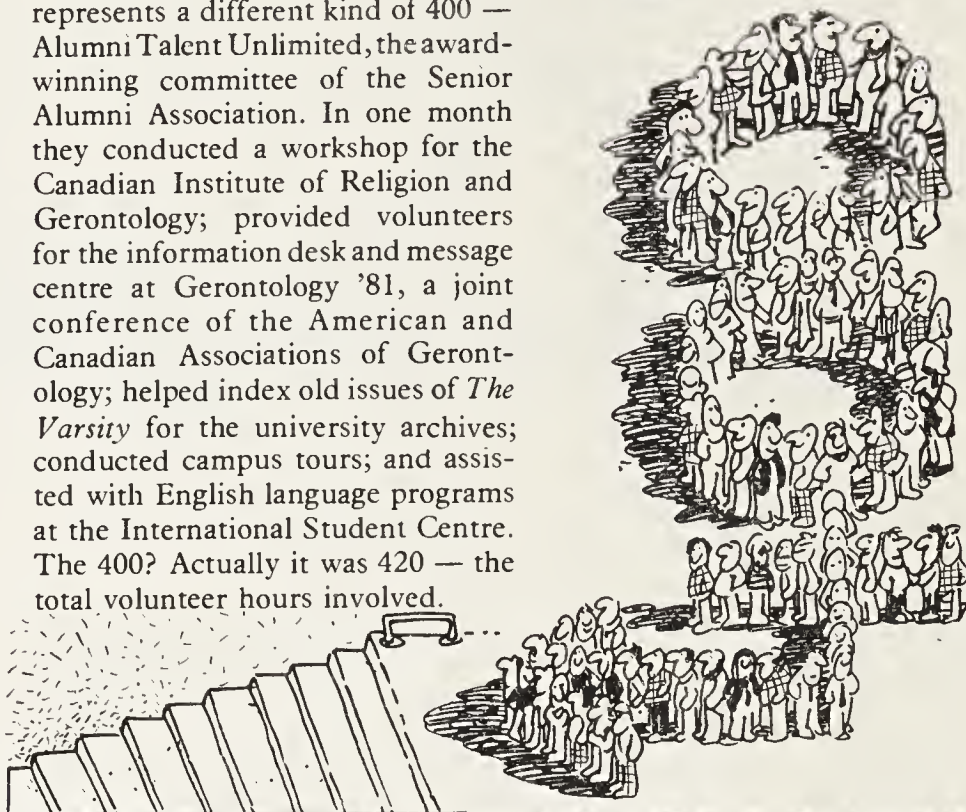
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## THE NEW FOUR HUNDRED

The original Four Hundred were New York's social elite. U of T's elite represents a different kind of 400 — Alumni Talent Unlimited, the award-winning committee of the Senior Alumni Association. In one month they conducted a workshop for the Canadian Institute of Religion and Gerontology; provided volunteers for the information desk and message centre at Gerontology '81, a joint conference of the American and Canadian Associations of Gerontology; helped index old issues of *The Varsity* for the university archives; conducted campus tours; and assisted with English language programs at the International Student Centre. The 400? Actually it was 420 — the total volunteer hours involved.

Alumni  
Talent  
Unlimited?



## ELDERHOSTEL

The U of T will take part this summer in the international Elderhostel program, open to anyone 60 years of age or older. Students live in residence and the cost is kept low (\$150 per week) to encourage participation.

Two sessions will be held at U of T, each with three different courses. The first, July 5 to 9, will offer Native art, Italian culture and Canadian medical history. The second, July 12 to 16, will offer exercise and lifestyle, Toronto architecture and understanding opera.

The U of T program is being organized by a committee of seniors in co-operation with the School of Continuing Studies. Anyone interested in helping the committee is invited to phone or write to Sierra Shiffman, School of Continuing Studies, telephone 978-7051.

Brochures will be available in January or February and early registration is advisable. Information is available from Remo Brassolotto, P.O. Box 1900, Humber College, Rexdale, M6W 5L7.

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## Where are they now?

The University tries to keep in touch with its alumni for a variety of reasons, for example, to ensure that they receive *The Graduate*. However, we have lost contact with many of them because we do not have their *current addresses*. If you know the whereabouts of anyone on the following list, could you please send the information to Alumni Records, 47 Willcocks St., University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1, or telephone 978-2139. Your assistance will be appreciated.

### Faculty of Medicine

#### Post-Graduate Medical Education

Joseph Wing-Tao Ho, MSc (72)  
Erik Houttuin, PhD (72)  
Barbara Jean Hunt, MSc (71)  
Olive Agnes James, MSc (76)  
Antonieta Knapp-Salvatore, MSc (76)  
Louis Chotuen Lau, PhD (73)  
Raymond Yu-cho Lau, PhD (73)  
Kenneth G. Lloyd, PhD (72)  
Theodore C-Y Lo, PhD (73)  
Gregory Morris, MSc (77)  
Patrick J.A. O'Doherty, PhD (74)  
Mary Ann O'Loughlin, MSc (77)  
Joe Oduro-Minta, PhD (71)  
Man-Chiu Poon, MSc (70)

### Diploma in Anaesthesia

Benjamin Pui-Nin (72)

### Diploma in Clinical Chemistry

Robert C. Meatherall (78)

### Diploma in Medical Radiology

Ying Tsung Lee (71)  
Findlay Malcolm (60)  
Thomas Stanislaus Meyler (68)  
Mohammad K. Pramanik (66)  
Hugh James F. Robertson (64)  
Vincente Sapuriada (67)

### Diploma in Psychiatry

Raghavendra Kulanayagam (70)  
Vijayalakshmi Mandayam (72)  
Aileen E.T. O'Brien (59)  
Robert Bruce Pomeroy (54)

*We would like to thank all who answer these requests. We are grateful for your help.*



# IMPONDERABLES & INEVITABLES

## LECTURES

**Contemporary Legal Issues.**

*Mondays, Feb. 1, 8 and 22.*

Three lectures, sponsored by Young Alumni Association, on family law, consumer rights, employment rights, small claims and tenancy laws.

Alumni Hall, Victoria College.

7.30 p.m.

Registration \$10.

*Information and registration: Department of Alumni Affairs, 978-8990.*

**Alumni Theological Lecture 1982.**

*Monday, Feb. 8.*

Rev. Matthew Lamb, Marquette University, Social Justice and Christian Spirituality. Auditorium, Brennan Hall, St. Michael's College. 8 p.m.

*Information: Alumni Office, St. Michael's College, 921-3151.*

**Alexander the Great as Patron of the Arts.**

*Wednesday, Feb. 10.*

Prof. Blanche R. Brown, New York University. Lecture room, McLaughlin Planetarium. 4.30 p.m.

*Information: Toronto Society, Archaeological Institute of America, 978-5442.*

**Architecture and Landscape Architecture.**

*Thursday, Feb. 11.*

Architecture without Jargon. Macy Dubois, Toronto.

*Thursday, Feb. 25.*

Prof. Ian McHarg, University of Pennsylvania, landscape architect.

*Thursday, March 4.*

Ted Cullinan, architect, England.

*Thursday, March 18.*

Prof. Peter Blake, Catholic University, Washington, D.C., architect; in association with School of Graduate Studies.

All lectures in auditorium, Medical Sciences Building. 8.15 p.m. Series sponsored by Toronto Masonry Promotion Fund assisted by OAA.

*Information, 978-5038.*

**In the Steps of the Egyptians in Western Asia.**

*Monday, Feb. 15.*

Prof. Donald B. Redford, Department of Near Eastern Studies. Room

Details given were those available at press time. Readers are advised to check with the information telephone numbers provided in case of changes. Enquiries by mail should be addressed to the department concerned, University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1, unless otherwise indicated.

3, New Academic Building, Victoria College. 7.30 p.m.

*Information: Society for Mediterranean Studies, 978-3008 or 978-3306.*

**Fitness and Nutrition.**

*Thursday, Feb. 25.*

Prof. Harding LeRiche, Department of Preventive Medicine & Biostatistics, and Prof. Harvey Anderson, Department of Nutrition & Food Science.

Registration \$10. Please register in advance.

*Information: Department of Athletics & Recreation, 978-3084; Hart House, 978-4732.*

**The Future of Canadian-American Relations: Inevitables, Manageables and Imponderables.**

*Thursday, March 4.*

Prof. Carl E. Beigie, Claude T. Bissell professor of Canadian-American relations. George Ignatieff Theatre, Trinity College. 8 p.m.

*Information: Centre for International Studies, 978-3350.*

**Faith, Reason and Authority in Classical Greece.**

*Tuesday, March 9.*

Sir Kenneth Dover, Corpus Christi College, Oxford, will give inaugural Wiegand lecture. Room 3, New Academic Building, Victoria College. 8 p.m.

*Information: Department of Philosophy, 978-3311.*

**Current Oriental Institute Excavations in Iraq.**

*Wednesday, March 10.*

Prof. McGuire Gibson, University of Chicago. Medical Sciences Building, room to be confirmed. 8 p.m.

*Information: Society for Mesopotamian Studies, 978-4769.*

**Cecil A. Wright Memorial Lecture.**

*Wednesday, March 10.*

Chief Justice Bora Laskin will speak about Cecil A. Wright, one of the co-founders of the present Faculty of Law. Details to be confirmed.

*Information: Faculty of Law, 978-3725.*

**Poggio Civitate: Archaic Sanctuary and Predecessor.**

*Wednesday, March 17.*

Prof. Erik Nielsen, Bowdoin College. Lecture room, McLaughlin Planetarium. 4.30 p.m.

*Information: Toronto Society, Archaeological Institute of America, 978-5442.*

**Time and Identity.**

*Wednesday, March 17.*

Prof. Saul Kripke, Princeton University; SGS Alumni Association lectures. 8 p.m. Place to be confirmed.

*Information: Department of Philosophy, 978-3312.*

**Mountains and Song Cycles: Geological Description, Lyric Poetry and the Emergence of the German Lied.**

*Monday, March 22.*

Prof. Charles Rosen, Harvard University; SGS Alumni Association lectures. Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building. 8 p.m.

*Information: Faculty of Music, 978-3751.*

**Al-Ghazzali among the Florentine Platonists of the 15th Century.**

*Monday, March 22.*

Prof. Arthur M. Lesley, Department of Near Eastern Studies. Room 3, New Academic Building, Victoria College. 7.30 p.m.

*Information: Society for Mediterranean Studies, 978-3008 or 978-3306.*

**Clothes and Society.**

*Wednesday, March 24.*

Prof. R.J. Helmstadter, Department of History. Wymilwood, Victoria College. 2 p.m.

*Information: Miss Kay Eaton, Victoria Women's Association, 489-8498.*



## CONFERENCE

### **Renegotiating 'The Social Contract': Public Policy Implications of Changing Family and Labour Roles.**

*Thursday and Friday, Feb. 4 and 5.*  
Annual conference on law and contemporary affairs.

Prof. Mary Ann Glendon, Boston College Law School, will give keynote address at opening dinner, Massey College, Thursday, 7 p.m.

Panel sessions Friday from 9.30 a.m.: decision-making in the workplace; family roles and employment opportunities; the citizen's right to economic support. Auditorium, Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, 252 Bloor St. W.

Registration: full conference including dinner \$20, students \$12; Friday sessions only \$10, students \$4.

*Information: Conference on Law and Contemporary Affairs, 978-6371.*

## CONCERTS

### **ROYAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC**

#### **Wednesday Noon Hour Series.**

*Feb. 3.*

Robert Hamilton and Richard Bradley, duo guitar.

*Feb. 10.*

Leslie Kinton, piano.

*Feb. 24.*

Frank Radcliffe, violin; Pierre Souvairan, piano.

*March 10.*

Helen Hardy, piano.

*March 24.*

Carolyn Jones, piano.

Concert Hall. 12.15 to 1 p.m.

#### **Thursday Twilight Series.**

*Feb. 4.*

Lawrence Cherney and Cynthia Steljes, oboes; English horn to be announced.

*Feb. 18.*

Pierre Souvairan, piano.

*March 4.*

Marina Geringas, piano; Yaakov Geringas, violin.

*March 18.*

Alla Brat, piano; Vladimir

Landsman, violin.

Concert Hall. 5.15 p.m.

#### **Orchestral Training Program.**

*Friday, Feb. 5.*

Conductor Steven Staryk.

*Friday, Feb. 19.*

Conductor Victor Yampolsky.

*Tuesday, Feb. 23.*

Conductor Andrew Davis.

*Friday, March 5.*

Conductor Franz-Paul Decker.

*Friday, March 12.*

Iona Brown, leader and soloist.

*Wednesday, March 31.*

Conductor Raffi Armenian.

Concert Hall. 8.15 p.m.

Tickets \$3.50, students and senior citizens \$2.

#### **Chamber Music.**

*Sunday, March 14.*

Trios, quartets and quintets from the Ensemble Program.

Concert Hall. 8.15 p.m.

*Information on all concerts at Conservatory available from publicity office, 978-3771.*

## **EDWARD JOHNSON BUILDING**

### **Faculty Artists Series.**

*Saturday, Feb. 6.*

Jeanne Baxtresser, flute; Henry Ingram, tenor; Vladimir Orloff, cello; Patricia Parr, piano; conductor Eugene Rittich.

*Saturday, Feb. 27.*

Daniel Domb, cello; Greta Kraus and Patricia Parr, piano; Gary Relyea, baritone; Joaquin Valdepenas, clarinet; conductor Victor Feldbrill. Walter Hall. 8 p.m.

Tickets \$6, students and senior citizens \$3.

#### **Special Concerts Series.**

*Sunday, Feb. 14.*

Leonard Rose, cello and Andrew Wolf, piano.

*Tuesday, March 23.*

Charles Rosen, piano.

Presented in co-operation with CBC Radio. MacMillan Theatre. 8 p.m.

Tickets \$8, students and senior citizens \$3.

#### **Victor Danchenko, Violin.**

*Thursday, March 18.*

With Adrienne Shannon, piano.

Walter Hall. 8 p.m.

#### **Faculty of Music Jazz Ensemble.**

*Saturday, March 20.*

Under the direction of Phil Nimmons and David Elliott. MacMillan Theatre. 8 p.m.

Tickets \$4, students and senior citizens \$2.

#### **U of T Concert Choir.**

*Wednesday, March 24.*

Conductor William Wright. Walter Hall. 8 p.m.

*Information on all concerts in Edward Johnson Building available from box office, 978-3744.*

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## HART HOUSE

### Sunday Afternoon Concerts.

Sunday, Feb. 28.

Trio Trillium: Richard Dorsey, oboe; Esther Gartner, cello; Adrienne Shannon, piano.

Sunday, March 14.

Philip Thompson, piano.

Sunday, March 28,

Hart House Chorus, director John Tuttle.

Great Hall. 3 p.m.

Information on all Hart House events, Programme Office, 978-2446.

### University Singers.

Wednesday, March 10.

Conductor Diana Brault. Great Hall. 8.30 p.m.

Information: Faculty of Music, 978-3744.

## PLAYS & OPERA

### Glen Morris Studio Theatre.

Feb. 3 to 6 and 10 to 13.

"Boojers" written and directed by Alan Filewod, student at Graduate Centre for Study of Drama, 1982 studio season. Performances at 8 p.m. Tickets \$1.

Information, 978-8668.

### Scarborough College.

Feb. 4 to 6.

"The Lover" and "The Dumb-waiter" by Harold Pinter, presented by Scarborough College drama students. TV Studio 1 at 8 p.m.

Information, 284-3243.

### Hart House Theatre.

March 3 to 6 and 10 to 13.

"Dear Brutus" by J.M. Barrie, Drama Centre 1982 season. Performances at 8 p.m.

Tickets \$6, students and senior citizens \$3.

Information, 978-8668.

### MacMillan Theatre.

March 5, 6, 12 and 13.

"Amelia Goes to the Ball" by Gian-Carlo Menotti and "Riders to the Sea" by Vaughan Williams, produced by Opera Division. Performances at 8 p.m.

Tickets \$6, students and senior citizens \$3.

Information, 978-3744.

### U.C. Playhouse.

March 10 to 20.

"Noah" and "Second Shepherds' Play" from Wakefield Cycle, produced by Poculi Ludique Societas. Tickets \$3, students and senior citizens \$2.

Information, 978-5096.

### George Ignatieff Theatre.

March 17 to 20 and 24 to 27.

"Hamlet" by Shakespeare, co-produced by Drama Centre and Trinity College Dramatic Society. Performances at 8 p.m.

Tickets \$1.

Information, 978-8668.

## EXHIBITIONS

### Scarborough College.

Jan. 25 to Feb. 12.

Artifacts from the ROM.

Feb. 22 to March 12.

Arlene Berman, mixed media.

March 15 to April 12.

Ian Carr-Harris, sculpture.

Gallery hours: Monday-Thursday, 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Friday, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sunday, 2 to 5 p.m.

### Hart House.

Feb. 2 to 18.

Peter Mackendrick, paintings.

Feb. 22 to March 5.

Hart House Camera Club, 60th annual exhibition.

March 9 to 26.

Catherine Parker, paintings.

Gallery hours: Monday, 11 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Tuesday-Saturday, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sunday, 2 to 5 p.m.

### Erindale College.

Feb. 15 to March 10.

Reflections of an Age, 19th Century British Artists (on loan from University of Western Ontario).

March 15 to April 9.

Spring Forward '82. Annual exhibition of work by students in U of T/ Sheridan College co-operative program in art and art history.

Gallery hours: Monday-Friday, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Saturday-Sunday, 2 to 5 p.m.

### Trinity College.

Feb. 22 to March 7.

The '20s in Germany, photographic display, part of international touring exhibition, presented by Trinity and Goethe Institute. Seeley Hall. Film series will be held in conjunction with exhibition; details to be confirmed.

Information, 978-2651.

## SPORTS

### Hockey.

Friday, Feb. 5.

Blues vs Laurier.

Friday, Feb. 12.

Blues vs Waterloo.

Wednesday, Feb. 17.

Blues vs Western.

Friday, Feb. 19.

Blues vs Windsor.

All games in Varsity Arena at 7 p.m.

### Swimming & Diving.

Feb. 19 and 20.

OCAA championships. Athletic Centre. Admission \$2.

Information and ticket prices on these and other sports events, 978-3437.

## MISCELLANY

### Scarborough College Alumni Association.

Saturday, Feb. 6.

Planning workshop. Principal's residence, Scarborough College.

10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Information, 284-3243.

### Victoria Women's Association.

Wednesday, Feb. 24.

Student program. Wymilwood,

Victoria College. 2 p.m.

Information: Miss Kay Eaton, 489-8498.

### Art Sale.

Wednesday and Thursday, March 17 and 18.

Paintings and sculpture, to raise money for college projects. Seeley Hall, Trinity College.

Wednesday, 6 to 10 p.m.; Thursday, 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. Opening night admission charge, refreshments.

Information: Office of Convocation, 978-2651.

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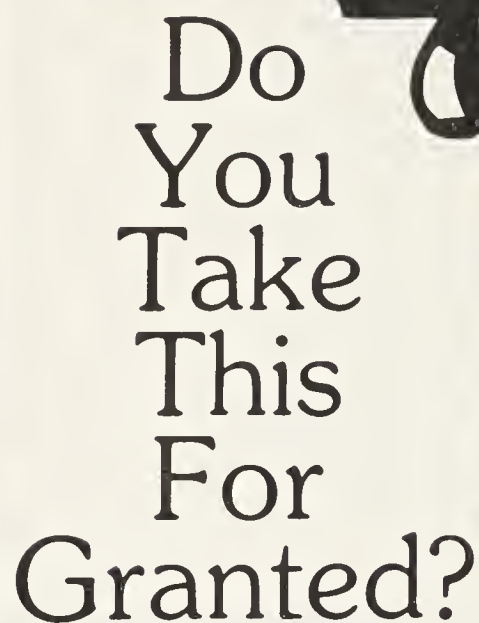
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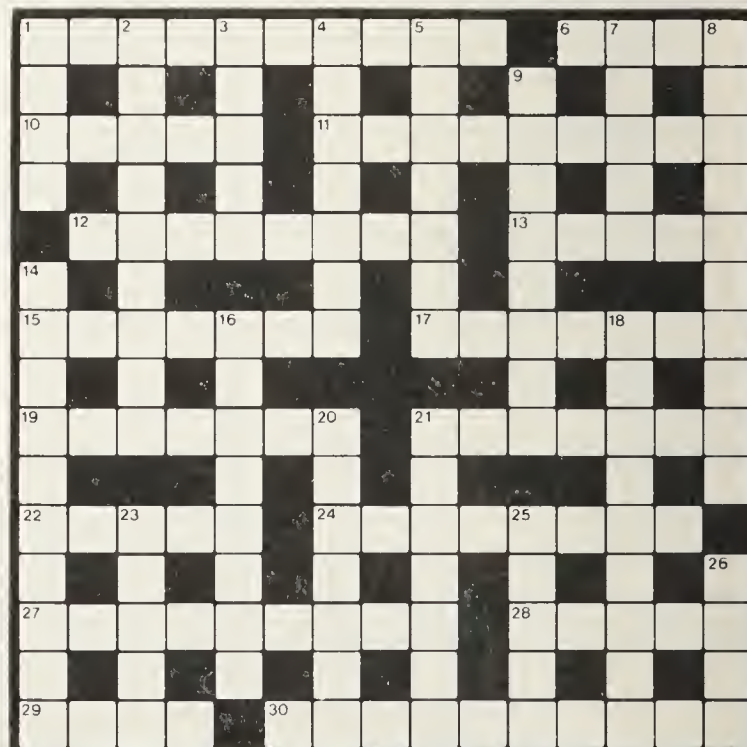
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# THE GRADUATE TEST NO.14

1. German composer in French company gets right fixture for hanging (10)
6. Mark southern vehicle (4)
10. Drive out decay around the 50 states (5)
11. Taking the place of another clergyman with debts (9)
12. Can be loved when playing a bad role (8)
13. Interrogate bad girl with callous heart (5)
15. I note no French wheat of low reputation (7)
17. Formerly enough for a model (7)
19. Resistance to being moved in irate outburst (7)
21. As it can turn out to be devilish (7)
22. One who is finished oriental game never loses point five (5)
24. Leaderless posse hurried with leader of the fourth section (8)
27. Bouncing back sounds around the point with Miss Derek revealing compulsive idea (9)
28. Joyful sound at beginning of

1. Company concerned with the heart (4)
2. A bread roll(ball) is plenty (9)
3. What nuclear armaments are supposed to do about Edward getting up (5)
4. 50 eggs, Bill lost 49; 'e is amiable (7)
5. Eliminate front of cathedral in ruins of Exeter (7)
7. Flowers for a bird in the Channel Islands (5)
8. Ability to come back to dormitory building that kicked out 500 and took in 51 (10)
9. Far out award that smells (7)
14. Place to sit a resident ostler who has lost direction (6,4)
16. Nevertheless, lock the support (8)
18. Writer in the US sent back to Los Angeles, Florida? (9)
20. Get current paper (7)
21. Some fiddlers pan Nero's bridge (7)
23. Nosey little girl follows an uprising (5)
25. Biblical priest in Roman Catholic memento (5)
26. Point to bad actor's deception (4)

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# Pudlo presents "Spring Journey"



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World renowned Eskimo artist, Pudlo, photographed with his latest work at Cape Dorset, Northwest Territories, is one of seven famous Canadian artists whose work is now available in a special edition for only \$19.95.

An exclusive arrangement between the West Baffin Eskimo Cooperative and the Mintmark Press enables you for the first time to have the work of a famous Eskimo artist at a popular price.

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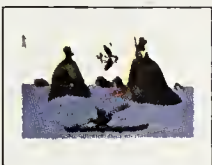
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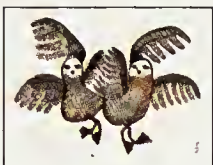
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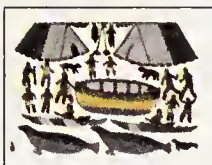
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E Pitseolak



F Lucy



G Jamasie



H Eegyvudluk



This mark, which appears on each print along with the stonecutter's "chop" mark and the artist's own symbol, is the official emblem of the West Baffin Eskimo Cooperative, Cape Dorset, Northwest Territories.



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